

YOU GET WHAT YOU PAY FOR
A VINDICATION OF COMMON SENSE.
By A. Person

About

WELCOME. YOU HAVE DISCOVERED A RAW MANUSCRIPT IN PROGRESS.

This body of words deals with themes of addiction and escalation, scrutinising the interface between fast porn, human trafficking and global debt exploitation. It focuses on case studies and perspectives from developed nations, rubbing up against the perilous misconception that trafficking is exclusively a third world problem. While it focuses on sex crimes, I hope people will also take time to remember the 20-odd million slaves working in forced labour, and the countless billions more indirectly racketeered into a life of debt bondage. Lives without freedom.

If this book implicates all of us, I suspect a lot of people are not going to like it. This book is not for them. The following is written with a heavy heart, for all those brave people who will take a stance of compassionate non-compliance, and in doing so—create respite for humanity. Either you know who you are, or you will by the end of this book. That is my wish.

*May laughter interrupt sorrow, may honour stoke the fires,
May courage endure the ages and deliver us safely home.*

WARNING!

This book is not for people who are afraid of the dark.

It comes with an epic trigger warning. Do not read if you...

- Are on acid
- Already feel like killing yourself and just need something to push you over the edge
- Have been raped and can't face this shit right now
- Are a dolphin

Also if you are ASIO/NSA—who am I kidding? Glad you could join us.

Skip to another chapter, heck, read a different book, but before you go, repeat after me:

I am as sweet and cute and funny and peculiar as any little ape or dolphin.

I will never forget that.

Even if nobody is making me feel precious, that's exactly what I am.

Note from the Writer

There's always a danger when voicing caution to the sex entertainment industry—of finding oneself cross examined for embittered personal bias while the underlying issues languish unattended. So let's get this out of the way—the author enjoys multiple orgasms and loves a good spanking. It's the way a man treats a woman on *either side* of pounding her into orgasmic oblivion—that illustrates the nature of the situation.

I must make it clear here that I don't wish to tarnish the bonafide nymphomaniacs who have found their dream job in the porn industry, or at the very least enjoy what they do for a living. Nor do I want to detract from the adult entertainers who have pushed past enormous stigmas and cultural barriers in order to work openly, and are revolutionaries and sages in their own right. There are those groups of people who love to bang each other senselessly in front of cameras, and are quite good friends, mutually supportive and respectful of each other—I do not mean to paint them with the same objections laid down in this book. Indeed, these are the communities by which a standard for the porn industry could be set.

It's not porn I object to, nor consensual, hedonistic violence between equals. I take exception when anyone is coerced, intimidated, bullied and manipulated into porn as a normative cultural practice. It's the needlessly cruel *degradation* and monotonous *subordination* of women in pop-pornography which bothers me. I intellectualise this because I reckon we should always be rooting for and actively promoting *mutually inclusive* civil liberties, and that things can get grizzly when we are not vigilant to this aim. I *feel* this way however, because I have *compassion* for creatures who are belittled for our entertainment and I care how they feel. I wish that everybody had compassion for them, because then these horrible things might not be happening to them. But horrible things *are* happening, expressly because ordinary citizens are so well practiced in suspending our sympathy to suit our own interests, and on mass; huge profits are made—this factor disgusts and daunts me. History has proven that any training of the masses to suspend sympathy and allow for the dehumanisation of others can have extreme consequences on a long enough time scale, especially when people have forgotten why the dehumanisation occurred in the first place (money and power). I believe that while we are demonstrably facing the collapse of our civilisation, training ourselves to have sympathy for all living beings, without exception, will be imperative to our chances for peace in the future.

Given the deadlier implications—what I personally find most ironic is that it's not even in our individual self interest to access a whole lot of pornography, if our interests are indeed sexual. Without serious intervention, most tangible women don't look a thing like the end product of a screen woman. Most men cannot bone like they do in porn. Yet because all sex but the spectacle has been censored, we may come to see this mutant form of sexual aesthetic and expression in pop-porn as the norm, and ourselves as mutants. This can cause serious performance anxiety in men and women who do not fit the highly illusive mold; manifesting as self-conscious, sex-in-third-person introversion in women; diminishing otherwise potent sex drives. For men, it can result in self derision towards their own penises, stamina and physique. When combined with the extra confusion of dealing with a smelly, three-dimensional woman, who has not been posed and 'perfected' for the screen and is possibly displaying signs of 'lights-out' introversion—all this extra pressure on men can be a real turn off, and is nowadays labelled as erectile dysfunction. The problem is actually not in the penis, but manufactured in the brain.

Lack of sexual self-confidence in men and women can result in shittier and less sex for all involved. 'Forever

Alone' is now a common household term amongst young men who should otherwise be coming into their sexual prime. These youngsters have acquired the skills to click a mouse button, stare into a light source and masturbate—taking time away from cultivating, maintaining and enhancing the rather more sophisticated skill sets required for seducing intimate lovers, and nurturing meaningful human relationships. This very often causes porn users to become more reliant on screen titillation and masturbation, creating a negative feedback loop which is very lucrative for some, downright depressing for others.

People return again and again to the screen in order to fire up the reward circuitry of their brains, which they have come to depend on to feel normal. What they experience is a flooding of dopamine, without the subsequent serotonin and oxytocin release, caused by actual sexual intimacy with a real human. This is leading to chemical imbalance in people, which can cause problems in seemingly unrelated areas of their life. What is especially pressing is that people are missing out on the opportunities presented by oxytocin release—specifically the increased mental malleability this release affords us—in adapting to new circumstances as we navigate and co-create our daily lives. What's lost is the fuzzy feeling.

24-hour access to fast porn does not provide the gateway to perpetual pleasure and sexual fulfillment as promised. Rather, it seems to be leading masses of people into a psychological cage and slamming the door behind them, leaving but a narrow two way hole to the outside world for captives to watch and be watched through. The most fantastic news is that the door is only fortified by our minds, and with commitment to freedom and sexual enlightenment, can be broken down. Escape may be fully arousing. Mass escape would constitute a sexual revolution.

A word of caution to the reader—this book represents a speculative inquiry through social-ecological logic. It is not a scholarly work, though I hope it stands fairly on the shoulders of scholars; you can find them in the resource section. At it's simplest, this is the manifestation of an urgent feat of communication to convey my unauthorised thoughts; they are all up for challenge and debate. Nothing herein is instructional or definitive, much less complete—take nothing for face value, here or anywhere else. Please be advised that the language within may come across a tad bleak or offensive at times; I have regrettably found this style most appropriate to counterbalance fanatical bias supporting 'the sex industry' at any cost. This book will ask—at what cost? I am afraid the writer alone is not up to the task of providing answers. That is where the reader comes in.

At its utmost, this is a call for sympathy for all living creatures, *without exception*, on a quest towards mutual humanisation and dignity.

Buckle your seat belts.

All Aboard

Well, well, well, what do we have here?

So married women, and children, have emancipated themselves from the legal status of private chattel. Big whoop. Everybody shout 'Bon Voyage!'

Unmarried women and children are being funnelled on board a voyage to the status of *public* chattel. Let no woman or child be left behind.

A man no longer has to marry a woman for life if he wants to own the rights to her body—not when he can buy the rights for a green-back and trade her in at the end of the hour. Smart western women are throwing themselves on board and many are calling it empowerment. All the cool kids are doing it, get the manual online.

As each working woman sets sail with a dry martini, otherwise clammers or is forced aboard, the value of that woman is diminished by the quantitative reflex in market prices. Supply is flooding the deck, it's a glut, get them while they're cheap. The ship is leaving. Two little seals are hiding around the other side of the bay, having a little pash, while a gay penguin incubates a rock. The rock is happy. Most of the normative human mothers are not too happy. In fact, many mammalian adults are unhappy. This has the uncanny side effect of producing unhappy children, who grow up to be unhappy adults, who have more unhappy children.

Pinocchio may have announced that we are living in a post-liberation landscape, but his nose grows faster than his wood, which has been wired to footage of old sex crimes. He is passed out in a pool of vomit round the side of the brothel. Transgender rodentia are fossicking through the vomit for little bits of corn.

Just because a man (or puppet) gets to be portrayed as a perpetrator in a situation, that certainly hasn't rendered him into a convincing archetype for liberty personified. Six thousand(?) years is a long time for a species to screw itself on the market.

Women are for sale. People are for sale. Same as it ever was.

As people grow more technologically connected, we become more exposed to the same palette for depravity society has always feasted itself on. Yet though depravity may have always been around, sometimes it can get out of line. The world doesn't descend into mayhem, because within every generation, there come people who will take risks to pull it into line. When people fail to pull depravity into line, there come more people still who are prepared to throw themselves into the jaws of hell, if only they can pull some of the kids out. Some of them make it home to their sweethearts.

Such is history.

No Fate But What We Make

“Per aspera ad astra—Through hardships, to the stars.”

- Latin Adage.

“In the end, we will remember not the words of our enemies, but the silence of our friends.”

-Martin Luther King, Jr.

I was asked by a friend of mine to be a part of a community accountability process. The person up for processing was her ex-boyfriend; for the crime of forced sodomy. Ben raped Molly.

Both before the assault and after the assault, Molly could be described as a critical thinker and compassionate soul—two qualities which can be rather unfashionable nowadays, especially when held in tandem. Forget not kids, fashion swings like a pendulum, don't be left behind.

Way before the assault ever took place, being someone who thinks and cares a lot, Molly had been a vocal critic of the incarceration system. Absent any evidence to suggest so—she was unconvinced that cross examining victims of violent crime helps them to heal in the slightest. She was concerned about their healing, because she thought that healing was the sort of thing a person would be looking for after assault, and she didn't think it could be found before a magistrate. When Molly thought of healing she thought of billabongs, and rain; she pictured the purple emergency shoots that gum trees send out right after a bushfire. She could smell the eucalyptus oil, and feel the burnt grass crackling beneath her feet. When Molly tried to picture what healing was, what she didn't conjure inside her mind was standing before an all powerful, wig-wearing, judgemental stranger; in a musty, incandescent court room full of more strangers.

Molly was equally unconvinced that putting people in small kennels and allowing them to bully each other was going to rehabilitate anyone from being a violent perpetrator of cruelty and injustice at all. In fact, Molly thought it exacerbated the whole thing. She thought that men in prison learn crime, not poetry, and she thought that men would be better off as poets.

Molly pondered these conundrums because she is a caring sort of a person, and doesn't want people to feel very upset, even if she doesn't know them personally.

An estimated three out of ten sexual assaults in Australia are reported. Most of them don't make it to court. In the unlikely chance a survivor has their moment on the witness stand, they will be forced to endure the harsh and disorientating spotlight of public interrogation. Without a confession; the angle of the defence is usually outright denial and character assassination of the victim. While this can be true for the defence in case of other crimes (though not nearly as often), rape denial can have a special sting to it. In front a room full of prying strangers, possibly friends and family; the defence team is paid and most esteemed. The survivor is on trial for the possibility of being a lying slut. There will always be people who wonder.

On the flip side, in the remarkably unlikely event that a sexual assault survivor is successful in prosecuting an aggressor, his work may still be cut out for him if he is to overcome the potential hazards of publicly broadcasting (through legal proceedings) his own intimate psychological vulnerabilities. In declaring his wounded state, parts of his community may be just as likely to offer compassionate support—as they might turn and swarm on him—alluding to some sort of faggotry by association, pecking him to bits and finishing him off.

With maximum odds of extending personal trauma and slim chance of offsetting prior injury, reporting sexual assault seems rarely worth the added insult.

Molly had seen a poll somewhere that said that most people's greatest fear was public speaking. In fact, in most (Western) polls, most people say they are more scared of public speaking than death. People who have spoken publicly to implore for help, before being killed, are not available for comment.

Molly couldn't imagine many types of public speaking much scarier than having to relive in pornographic detail, a most brutally personal experience, such as sexual assault. Because she was self aware and prone to thinking, she considered the probability that many of the people in a courtroom listening to a survivor describe their own violent sexual degradation, are more socially accustomed to watching that sort of thing online as *entertainment*. The protagonist wondered whether the consumer baggage of jurors had any power to distort their good judgement on what counts as a breach of consent.

Molly didn't really believe that justice was found in court for many people at all. Rather, she was convinced that nothing but a downward negative spiral could be detected in the prison system—suffering as she did, the peculiar habit of following an idea through a logical chain of thought all the way to it's worldly consequences. These sorts of things happened inside Molly's head all the time. She thought about these things because she didn't want anybody to feel very hurt. She also thought that she didn't want to live in a world where people were going around being very hurt, because all of that hurt would rub off onto everything around it and then people would become sad in general, and she didn't want to be sad.

Molly's opinion of the incarceration system didn't change after she was assaulted. Molly's bum did change, bleeding like a nun's cunt in a rape raid.

A simple gauge you can use to tell where you are on the scheme of things: If you suppressed an uncomfortable chortle at the mention of Molly's bleeding bum—because you are feeling a bit heavy reading this—perhaps you prefer funny ways to talk about serious things. Maybe you've been in trouble for telling rape jokes, but don't let anyone bully you into submission. Check your audience. It's all in the respectful timing.

If you didn't laugh, it's because I'm not being funny.

If you laughed and felt a tingle in your pants corresponding to a glint in your eye, at the words 'rape raid'—you either know your safe words—or it's time to seek immediate assistance transforming yourself, before a resistance is forced to assemble itself and terminate you with a hat pin to the eye. Bitches know where you sleep, dawg. You wouldn't want to get caught in a clean up.

Official police input was to derive that, in any case, Molly was squarely to blame for letting her boyfriend tie her up in the first place. What did she expect? Silly girl. Boys will be boys.

In many other people's opinion, police officers could be trained to understand the trust factor implicit to consensual BDSM, which is enormous—if they are to pass judgement of its violent betrayal. *The betrayal of enormous amounts of trust is always a crime, legally or unspecified.* We all know this in our hearts, unless we've never known trust to begin with; or we've had our trust so blown that when nobody stood up for us we thought our hearts meant nothing to anyone; so we switched them off, and then other people meant nothing to us.

There is room for thought that those who recklessly hurt other people may be in need of assistance, in order to break perpetual cycles of abuse which they are chemically and biophysically locked into. However, in order for a community to rehabilitate violent perpetrators, there needs to be an admission that some wrong has occurred.

There are plenty of perfectly wonderful things that are illegal and plenty of awful things that are not. Accordingly, and armed with her own experiences, Molly's faith in the justice system was insufficient to lure her into court for criminal proceedings.

She turned to the community around her and told them what happened.

She asked the people around her to hold the person who had raped her accountable.

She asked for them to say something. Do something.

Anything. Something. Please.

This book is my response.

First World Grape Culture Problems

WARNING: As far as otters holding hands goes, the morbid factor in this chapter is at the extreme opposite end of the spectrum. Proceed with caution.

From within a toxic industrial landscape, this vapid spectacle of consumers and things, we must make the link between battery eggs and battery porn. Junk food and junk sex.

“Freedom is the freedom to say that two plus two make four. If that is granted, all else follows.”
- George Orwell, 1984.

- 1) So it's not a grape culture right, cos you don't think so.
- 2) So you know it's a grape culture cos you've been graped and most your friends have been graped.
- 3) So you think it might be a grape culture...cos your boyfriend has learned to watch what *looks* like grape and has *all the characteristics* of grape—on the computer—and wants to try it out with you. You've expressed a bit of squeamishness; and he's insisted you're frigid because you're not that into being used for sadistic rituals, and frankly, not up the bum thanks.

Let's just tidy something up, in case there's any confusion. Up the bum is for people who want it up the bum. People who want it up the bum should not be persecuted for liking it up the bum. Nor should they be pressured into feeling like they shouldn't be doing it up the bum. It's their bum. Most of us have got that straight, right?

Equally, up the bum is not for people who don't want it up the bum. People who don't want it up the bum shouldn't be persecuted for not liking it up the bum. Nor should they be pressured into feeling they should be doing it up the bum. Not by their boyfriends, media, no one.

People should be doing with their bums what they would like to, of their own free will. As with all their other bits, which come together to make a whole human.

Hot tip for all you lovers and consumers out there: Consent is real.

* * *

One consequence of mass raising a monoculture in which consent is forced to bud, is organised rape. Fa la la. Don't say it hasn't been done. You can't tell me it's all Photoshop and CGI. I've seen the footage.

The wasp is frantically humping the flowers face, one by one, or in swarms. Sheltered pansies in adjacent fields; who are not actually having their faces punished by wasps—are only a click of a button away from being reminded (in no uncertain terms) of what can be done to shred a blossom....so as not to be left behind.

*Pollen is everywhere,
Destination rape town.
Gonna get me some bitches and ho's.
Fa la la la Rape town.*

Is this is a bit sensationalist?

To answer that question we're going to have to entertain some ideas. They are compelling ideas, and compelling ideas surely deserve at least as much entertainment as your average consumer of porn.

Forget vanilla. Unless the viewer counts are rigged, we have a substantial subculture addicted to watching what for all practical purposes, looks like rape footage. The footage is of real women; at least some of whom (according to survivors) are enduring the humiliating experience of what feels (psychologically and physically) like sexual assault. The culture isn't able to call it sexual assault, because the women in the films have irredeemably sold their right to withhold consent. Or so we are told. In simpler terms; You can't rape property.

None of this will imply that people can't ethically agree to beat each other up with their genitals—the ethics are all in how a person *feels* when they're doing it. It's in *how* they came to the party. Nobody should be forced to a party, and otherwise, we should ensure that everybody who has *decided* to get wild and nakey has the best chance of making it home again safely.

So long as everyone has access to affordable housing, food and education, friends and options, there's probably no urgent need for the public to rescue a (sex) worker from whatever they've decided to do with their own body. Don't let anyone convince you that all porn is rape. Conversely, we must shatter any collective delusion that all porn is inherently consensual (*and as people realise this; do brace against paranoid 'solutions' fomenting between diabolically self interested ideologues*).

To have the following discussion we must dip it in the concept that consent is an act of freedom, of free will. Something that is bought and sold, is not free by definition. Contracts are clunky, inappropriate tools for measuring moment to moment, spontaneous consent. If irredeemable consent to sexual-psychological violence can be bought and sold, then we are living in an age of double speak.

To understand if someone is a consenting party to an act, that necessitates listening to them, which can be uncomfortable, depending on whatever preconceived biases we drag ourselves along with. Sometimes we may be forced to hear how one educated young lass actually *wants* a safe space to copulate with twenty men at once, which she has located in front of a camera—and yes she's big on the D and all that hard fast cash. But not every porn story manifests in a happy spending.

Here's what some of our less than satisfied porn starlets have had to say of their less rewarding work experiences, admittedly when they weren't under duress—possibly when they weren't doped out completely on: *Vicodin, Xanax, Valium, Norcos, Prozac, Zoloft, Percocet, GHB, crack, meth, heroin, morphine, hydro, etc.**

* The following quotes were collected by Shelley Lubben and have been doing the rounds among excitable people online (drawing out reactionaries on all two sides of whatever imaginary lines we grasp at). Many vocal critics of Shelley act especially butt-hurt about the religious affiliations of her organisation, Pink Cross, using her preoccupation with a god figure ad hominem to try and discredit her work. Shelley really believes (an entity many people call) 'God' helped save her from a life of chronic and explicitly documented abuse. Non believers who have a problem with this could, by their own reasoning, see it as more of an indictment against the rest of us that Shelley was stuck with naught but an imaginary figurehead for an escort out of the porn industry. Those offended that Shelley continues to harp on to others about this alleged Jesus fellow, who will apparently aid and abet flights from despair without demanding blowjobs, could perhaps take it as a calling. If it bothers us when unhappy porn 'actresses' turn to 'imaginary friends' for help, we can always go ahead and be their actual friends—creating more safer, saner conduits to those people dying to get out of The Game.

POPPING THE CHERRY

Linda Lovelace; starring in the ground breaking, box office hit *Deepthroat*:

"When in response to his suggestions I let him know I would not become involved in prostitution in any way and told him I intended to leave, [Traynor] beat me up physically and the constant mental abuse began.

I literally became a prisoner, I was not allowed out of his sight, not even to use the bathroom, where he watched me through a hole in...the door.

He slept on top of me at night, he listened to my telephone calls with a .45 automatic eight shot pointed at me. I was beaten physically and suffered mental abuse each and every day thereafter.

He undermined my ties with other people and forced me to marry him on advice from his lawyer."

"My initiation into prostitution was a gang rape by five men, arranged by Mr. Traynor. It was the turning point in my life. He threatened to shoot me with the pistol if I didn't go through with it.

I had never experienced anal sex before and it ripped me apart. They treated me like an inflatable plastic doll, picking me up and moving me here and there. They spread my legs this way and that, shoving their things at me and into me, they were playing musical chairs with parts of my body. I have never been so frightened and disgraced and humiliated in my life. I felt like garbage.

I engaged in sex acts for pornography against my will to avoid being killed. The lives of my family were threatened."

While no one on the inner circle disputes that Traynor was a violent scumbag, there are vested interests in

dismissing Lovelace's testimony. Believing her requires a vast re-contextualising of events, and what we might come up with would look like this:

Deepthroat broke ground because, for the first time, stakeholders in the film industry realised they could sexually abuse a battered woman on camera, mass produce and market it to ordinary men for a profit—and no one would stop them. The scenes in Deepthroat created a genre, and what followed was a trend. Whatever can be said in defence of an 'actresses' perceived freedom to sell irredeemable consent to sexual violence—it cannot disqualify this implication: Bullying Linda Lovelace into extreme pornography cut a huge profit, and everybody wanted in. People wanted to make films which looked just like it, and what it looked just like—was rape. *And they did.*

CALIFORNIA DREAMING

Jenna Jameson:

"Most girls get their first experience in gonzo films—in which they're taken to a crappy studio apartment in Mission Hills and penetrated in every hole possible by some abusive asshole who thinks her name is Bitch. And these girls, some of whom have the potential to become major stars in the industry, go home afterward and pledge never to do it again because it was such a terrible experience."

Alexa Milano:

"My first movie I was treated very rough by 3 guys. They pounded on me, gagged me with their penises, and tossed me around like I was a ball! I was sore, hurting and could barely walk. My insides burned and hurt so badly. I could barely pee and to try to have a bowel movement was out of the question."

Jersey Jaxin:

"Guys punching you in the face. You have semen from many guys all over your face, in your eyes. You get ripped. Your insides can come out of you. It's never ending. You're viewed as an object not as a human with a spirit. People don't care. People do drugs because they can't deal with the way they're being treated."

Genevieve:

“I had bodily fluids all over my face that had to stay on my face for ten minutes. The abuse and degradation was rough. I sweated and was in deep pain. On top of the horrifying experience, my whole body ached, and I was irritable the whole day. The director didn’t really care how I felt; he only wanted to finish the video.”

These women are not describing ‘extreme’ porn at all. It’s extreme when nobody can pretend it’s not rape any more—and there’s plenty of that too—and even *that’s* not considered extreme anymore, not by a mortal mile. Nope. These women are describing their experiences in relatively mainstream, popular porn. The films described here have generated a mass flurry of hard-ons in otherwise decent, trusting folk.

Corina Taylor:

“When I arrived to the set I expected to do a vaginal girl boy scene. But during the scene with a male porn star, he forced himself anally into me and would not stop. I yelled at him to stop and screamed ‘No’ over and over but he would not stop. The pain became too much and I was in shock and my body went limp.”

Ashlynn Brooke:

“I honestly felt that if I had to have another strange man in my face, his hands all over me, him calling me his “baby”, and having to exude some sort of forged passion for the world to see, I probably would’ve exploded. And what would’ve been stuck to the walls would’ve probably been nothing. Just pieces of skin, bone, the brain of a robot, and what would have been left of a once huge and warm heart.”

Okay then.

Consent is not the absence of a no, consent is an enthusiastic yes.

The consequence of the absence of consent during sex—is rape.

Let’s just cull a few thought terminating clichés, before they get in the way. The case for the apologist is simple: “The quotes in this chapter are provided by women who had signed contracts to act a part and were consequently beyond rapeability.”

In fact, acting is when people *simulate* sex and violence, without actually having either. Pretend, is when Rooney Mara performed the rape scene in *The Girl With the Dragon Tattoo*, with a team of experienced psychological support people on hand; *without* penetration. Acting can even be a bunch of nudes banging each other mechanically over the back of a school desk—while the sex may be real, the trick is that she’s faking it, and he’s not really a professor.

What acting *isn’t*, is swindling a vulnerable person who thinks they have turned up for a swimsuit catalogue,

into letting your mates swarm her. The act here is in pretending that it's not going to be that bad, and that the money will offset the cost to her. Nobody in hard porn is *pretending* to be brutalised. They're actually *being* brutalised. Whether or not some women actually enjoy their punishment does nothing to obfuscate the culture of violence. Indeed, if something looks like it would hurt, it probably does. If someone genuinely appears sad, bewildered, frightened, in pain, etc; they either deserve an Oscar nomination, or something is going terribly wrong for them. Perhaps the real actors in all of this, are sitting on the other side of the screen, cleaning themselves up, pretending like none of what they've just witnessed is real.

“Whatever happens to a girl in Mission Hills after she scribbles her name on a piece of paper is her own damn fault. Whatever a pornographer does to her is his own damn freedom of speech.”

Whether it's sexual abuse or not becomes a moot point, when we argue that the women involved are all under contracts and have allegedly signed away sovereignty to their own bodies, inside and out. It's worth noting now, that in the mid-nineties, Western wives finally emancipated themselves from eerily similar obligations under marital contracts. Just a blink of the historical eye ago, and yet here we are having to say it all over again. Yes, it is possible to rape wives, porn actresses and other sex workers, if we are able to understand that these are crimes. Tangentially, if it is possible to coerce a desperate woman into her own violent degradation, it's certainly possible to coerce her into giving you her signature. Enough about the contracts already. The cruelty in porn is real.

While we're here—intimate partner violence is the *leading* contributor to preventable death, disability and illness in Victorian women aged 15 to 44. I suspect you could find a similar figure for your own area. Meanwhile, the leading cause of death for men of a similar age group, is self murder out of desperation (suicide). It's pretty obvious that whatever trip we're all on isn't making a lot of men too happy, and we shouldn't be frightened to take a good hard look out ourselves and try new things.

John beats himself. John beats Mary (John also beats John, notwithstanding Mary on Mary, Mary on John, Mary and/or John on the kids, kids on kids, kids attacking adults and any other frightening combination of multiples). Violence within our own communities is ordinary and endemic.

“While education and media play a central role in reproducing the central order, they also provide opportunities to rupture that order.”

So what's with spending all these billions annually, mass producing crack-porn—a sticky mimetic order of ideas, symbols and illusion that presents violence (against women) as glamorous, sexy and desirable? How recklessly irresponsible do we really need to be? Precisely what range of tools to becoming a great society do we intend to squander as primitives? Surely we could be using some of our funds and radical new technologies to promote better ends—and that goes across *all* technological sectors. *Yes you too, killer robots.*

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VIRTUAL GIRL

Let's just call all that hardcore porn the boys are (allegedly) so crazy about, virtual rape film—the same way

we might call films about little bits of silk which have been industrially woven into the likeness of a flower, virtual flowers films. For the sake of this mental exercise, let's just speculate that it's all a fantasy and somewhere out there is a magical, imaginary land where brutality is the ordinary sexual language of compulsory consent. A place where folk can tune in without consequences.

Bananananananana.

Fantasy Rape town.

"I sit there everyday and I sew up anal tears and anal prolapse and the physical conditions of what people are putting their bodies through is getting very, very far away from sexuality as we know it."

- 'Doctor' Sharon Mitchell

Stick with me here. I'm dissecting a culture and I know it can make people squeamish the first time they see all the blood. I assure you the cadaver died first.*

* What does that even mean? Metaphors may hide when you chase them, and can't be pinned down, because at closer scrutiny they will simply disappear and reconstruct themselves somewhere safer—much like an offshore bank account.

Okay so a fair whack of mainstream culture finds itself catered to at fantasy rape town.

It should be at least a bit concerning then, that *that* rapeyness makes up such a considerable chunk of the instructional guide to sex, found by kids, online. Kids begin to pick it up when they escape the protection of their parents and run naked into the Interwebs. No guidance recommended. It is a peculiar kind of sex indoctrination, to supplement the one kids don't get anywhere else.

Most kids watch their first porn when they're 11 or 12. Guidance by someone who loves them is culturally taboo. We just don't do it. Guidance by someone who fucks them is also culturally taboo, we just don't talk about it.

Ordinarily, parents are encouraged to watch whatever crap their kids are into, so they can help children interpret the information they are receiving. Conscientious parents who have the time (qualities which are not always coinciding), try to help their children navigate the predatory elements of mass media—by pointing out to their kids things like: product placement, predictive programming, ulterior motives, etc.

So what's with stepping away while kids are exposed to their very first digitally-conveyed hate crime? Little Davey's first virtual-rape wank?

Even if an eleven year old has to watch heaps of films which apparently only *look* like sexual assault, to see the stuff that cannot be called *anything but* sexual assault—the viewing of hate crime is inevitable for children of the Interwebs, if they are unscrupulous consumers of porn, and many of them are.

*“This industry is full of people that hate—literally **hate** women.”*
- Julie Meadows (former porn star).

Children are going to the Net to learn what sex looks like. But often, what they get is what sexual assault looks like. There is a difference. But how should they know? When a child is exploring the Internet alone, how will they tell the difference between the real rape footage that is pretending not to be real rape footage, and the pretend rape footage that is pretending not to be pretend rape footage?

In the words of the great 20th Century philosopher, Roger Waters: Is it any wonder that the monkey’s confused?

How does a young porn voyeur know to care, if no one is there to say: “Holy fuck...that actually happened to someone.”?

More than 90% of top viewed porn contains violence and degrading language against women. While there is space within the scope of human sexuality for bizarre deviations and fetishes—when sadism defines the pornographic *norm*, where does that leave normal perspectives?

Let’s frame this another way. Imagine it was culturally taboo for children to prepare food, or to witness anyone else making food. Maybe sometime when they were young, they overheard their parents cooking. *Gross*. Food—they’ve never seen it made, but they’ve heard all about it and they’re curious as hell. Once they figure out their way around the Internet, the first thing they do is go searching for adult videos, to see what all this cooking business is about. They find a fuck-tonne of films, but most of them look the same: Deep fried and full of shit. The adults in the films are flipping burgers—always with the greasy burgers. You can count on it that when kids finally get around to cooking for themselves, they won’t be smoking salmon.

How can we count on every uninformed, inebriated young novice to know not to try the thing that looks like sexual assault on the drunk girl? How does a girl know that just because she has given her consent to sex, that does not mean she has given her permission to be used sadistically? Is she even supposed to know that? How are newbs supposed to know what consent looks like? Feels like? How will they recognise it?

With what level of psychic prowess are we waiting for kids to absorb and comprehend the many subtle nuances of fantastic, consensual sex? Yes of course, the obvious solution to any sex educational blind spot is that kids should come complete with a strong sense of ethics, but they don’t. It takes a whole community to instil a sense of ethics, and a lot of the time, that community isn’t around. Often times parts of that community is around, a little too close, installing the classic game “hide the snake.”

If you had or are having great consensual teen sex—woot!—you don’t register in this next paragraph:

It’s a rape culture when young adults imitate their cultural icons, and what they do happens to look or feel like sexual assault—even if we’re not ready to call it sexual assault. Welcome to teen sex: “It’s not rape if everybody’s drunk.” Everybody’s drunk.

* * *

What other reference point might we have, besides mainstream media entertainment—that can represent our connection as a group of humans sharing a cultural experience?

Childhood molestation. Odds one to four. Good luck!

Having adult sexual relations with children is obviously a rapey kind of thing. It is also a rapey kind of thing when children—who are natural born imitators—are molesting each other as though they were cultivated in a bleak porn house, instead of experimenting in any of the clumsy ways that naturally curious young ones try to ‘do it’. It’s a rapey kind of thing when some of those kids grow up to be pop culture stars, down on all fours with semen burning their eyes. It’s rapey when the brutality involved in their film career messes with their ability to shit properly in the morning, cos really, what does a human have if they can’t even shit?

Ok now. If one quarter of all people went around blowing bubbles, I would call that a symptom of a culture expressing itself. It is equally indicative of a culture when one in four children are at some point, blowing their adult companions. Incest is endemic. Maybe it’s always been but that’s no excuse to perpetuate or exacerbate the problem. Offenders may be getting younger, repertoires expanding.

According to the defence, in recent court archives from all over the West, many pubescent boys claim to be following the instructions explicitly laid out for them in porn—against their own kin—who possess the hairless genitalia they have become so conditioned by porn to perceive of as inherently sexual. While the excuse “I wanted to feel like a man” may appall many of us, we might be more practical investing our energy to identify what gave anyone the impression that society defines masculinity by a seemingly uncontrollable set of cock and balls.

Not every paedo is a priest or a cartoon bear. Some of them are your older brother. Or your cousin. Your babysitters oldest son. Your son. It could be your daughter, but it’s prolifically the boys who are socialised and identified to be perpetrators. While most male rapists will never be charged, society at large is yet to understand that a female is capable of sexually assaulting anyone at all. We have a cartoon image in our minds of what rape looks like, and most rapists don’t fit into it. Those that do fit, can be neatly barricaded into our little Disney mind box of good and evil.

We can treat each ‘monster’ (the tiny percentage of individuals we actually catch out) as anomalous sexual predators; put them on a growing list (the tiny percentage we actually convict); feed them to the prison wolves and close the case—case by mounting case. Or, we can ask if boys are being shaped by something larger and deeper than their own perversions—and to what extent?

If we entertain the idea that young boys are not naturally prone to behaving as rapists and that young sexual offenders may indeed be influenced by outside agencies, we have to ask how modern situational forces (and the relics they evolve from) make men more vulnerable to becoming perpetrators of sex crimes. We have to ask how this damages men.

How many favours do we really do for a young person, by mindlessly assisting him to be a rapist before he is even informed enough to understand that rape is the thing he is being encouraged to do?

How much more can a person retard the growth of their own spirit than by sexually injuring the very infant relatives they were biologically designed to serve and protect? What more private hell could you suffer a man?

If anyone is wondering where parents are in all this; they're most often at work. The longer the work day for adults, the less parental guidance available to kids. While our economy relies so heavily on the absence of parents from home, screens are standing in as cheap electronic babysitters. What babysitters expose to children may affect their perceptions.

While no single factor should be falsely isolated and held solely responsible for sexual abuse—if there is *any* connection between the sexual abuse in pornography, and the sexual abuse perpetrated by *consumers* of porn—especially the young and highly impressionable—we owe it to men to find out. If we can identify *any* way we could use our technologies to socialise boys (and everyone else) in a healthier way, let's get to it, no?

Surely the ordinary teenage sex offender wanted just as little to be groomed to abuse others, as the girl child wanted to grow up and give her consent to be sexually abused on film. The systems which coach them and solicit their silence should be identified and held accountable. While any institution, or its adherents believe themselves to be above question, we are in a tight spot. Without asking questions we cannot figure out where all these rapists are coming from.

Here we are and (according to the Australian Institute of Criminology) one in three females under eighteen, and one in six males under eighteen; can expect to be sexually abused (mostly at home) by somebody who should have known better. How many adults? We don't really know, it's mostly a secret. We can't really vouch that a firm majority of Australian women *won't* be sexually assaulted in their life times, and we certainly can't promise that it won't be at the hands of husbands and boyfriends. Nor can we promise that boyfriends or husbands won't themselves, have been raped. We can argue and fuss about the numbers, but it's not so much the numbers that count—it's the injury. Some suspect that all the sexual violence is just human nature. Others suspect it's just male nature, but that doesn't account for female perpetrators. Still more others suspect that some of the perps might not be perpetrating so much if they had inherited sufficient healthy, accessible, sex educational alternatives to the omnipresent language, goggles and scripts for abuse. Maybe something is in the water.

Sure there's stranger rape, but it's mostly our close friends and family.

It can be the high ranking rapists in the Australian army who rolled little boys in carpets before cluster fucking them. The ongoing pay checks spoke for themselves. The boys never could.

It's loitering around any sex working single mother who—without an economic alternative—is forced to turn nastier and nastier tricks to keep up with ever increasing demand—catering to guys who want what they've seen in the films—the shit they can't try out on their wives. The kids have got to eat.

It's in the brothels—somewhere between the human traffickers, and the state which gives them a license—selling rape to Johns' who don't know what rape looks like, believing as they do, that consent has been bought and paid for. It's in the mining towns.

It's riding junkies to the next hit.

It's left cum stains and blood smears all over our history, since the moment white Australia set foot off the boat. It's in the grog we brought here.

It's curious that anyone cares to see if it was in Julian Assange.

There's all sorts of irrefutable rapey evidence, and I should wind up now, before we all get very depressed and are forced to kill ourselves with a sudden, willful implosion of the brain muscle in a desperate bid for atomic freedom. It feels really bad to talk about rape culture. We actually have to *do* something to feel better, or remain in a state of denial.

* * *

FERTILIZING THE SCREEN

What are computers? Well, they are a lot of things really, not least of all, the sullen recollections of a poison apple. We are almost at the finish line, and this last bits gonna hurt. You can get off any time.

You've probably heard before that the porn industry has become a driving force behind the development of computers, which is one part of what causes computers to become obsolete so quickly; ergo their impetus as disposable items. You may have heard a teeny bit about the people who assemble our computers, whose lives are not very nice. What we do not talk much about, is the mineral which must go into the computer, and the rape war it has taken to secure that mineral. Welcome to the Congo.

There's something in the Congo about some Belgian money and some North American money, a massacre and a dead kidnapped president called Patrice Lumumba. It includes the measurement of skulls, gorillas, a flood of weapons into Africa and an international blind eye. They are all parts of the same story but we must stick to the sharp end of the bayonet.

The point is this: Nearly a whole nation of women and girls, and uncounted men and boys, have been/will be raped/gang raped—often with hand guns, assault rifles, knives, sticks, bottles, broken bottles, penises, broom handles, batons, hands, etc. Sexual violence is the primary tool for resource domination in this profits based war, securing continue booty for weapons producers, technology companies, shareholders and various militias (to name a few). Thus, consumers continue to access the Coltan which goes into computers, mobile phones and game consoles. This mineral, secured cheaply in the rape war, backed and financed by soaring consumer demand, is increasingly utilised so that consumers can watch the 'virtual rape films' that are in turn, driving the evolution of computers—allowing them to get chucked out so quickly, creating demand for more coltan and so on.

We unwittingly participate in running a 'globalised' system which favours that it is better to let no Congolese child walk safely, than one affluent Western child go without a PS4. Let no-one suffer without the latest iPhone. We're all implicated.

With a degree of separation between ourselves and all the rape, it's easy enough to believe our own hands are just so fresh and so clean. Many people may not think the brutality committed overseas—in the way of bringing a culture it's entertainment and tools—sheds any light on the nature of that culture. Especially when that culture is our own. I would say be careful of listening to those people, for many of them are simply not thinking. History—which is in one sense, a collaboration of people thinking—will remember us as consumers. "They who squandered." Survivors will remember the shame of it.

We must take accountability. Pornography is real. Rape is real.

Freedom is expressed existentially.

False Idols, Toxic Mimics

“Porn doesn’t promote sex. It promotes masturbation.

[It promotes solitary confinement]”

-Chris Hedges.

Teach a man to fish and he’ll eat for a lifetime, so long as nothing threatens the river.

Sell a man a fish, and he’ll eat for a day.

Show a man a picture of a fish and he’ll rub his belly, going empty.

Trash a man’s river, spook the fish, and as it turns out, he’ll give you his credit card number.

Get enough credit card numbers and you can eat for a life time.

There are more things in the Cosmos and on Earth than are dreamed of in your pornography.

ADDICTED TO PORN? FOREVER ALONE?

TRY THIS!

Talk to women, and about women, in such a respectful fashion that you don’t accidentally repel them.

Manners make the man.

*Cultivate and refine your own unique charisma. Start by taking at least half the time you currently dedicate to your porn habit, and redirect this time towards learning the tantalizing skills and techniques of honest seduction. Follow this through with consistency and see if it results in having actual sex.**

If you project the visual and performance standards set down for you by your porn fetish onto the women around you, none of them will ever be good enough for you—and if they are, you can bet your cock on it that you’re not going to be good enough for them. Forget about the ideal woman and the ideal sex you could be having with her. None of this “forever alone”, learned helplessness bullshit. Everyone is sexy to someone, you just gotta let that someone be sexy to you, and go get in there and fuck each other! It’s that easy.

* Inter-personal sex is way better than the stuff you do by yourself, and even better than the stuff you pay for, when somebody actually *wants* to fuck you. Reciprocal desire adds a certain element can’t be bought and paid for.

* * *

Superficially, the difference for consumers between assisted masturbation and actual sex—can be as wide as the gulf between:

A) Gobbling down a mass produced, pulverised, deep fried, frozen, mass distributed, pre-purchased, re-cooked, leftover, refrigerated overnight, microwaved-again-the-next-morning and slapped-between-two-slabs-of-white-bread-as-you-race-off-to-work fucking fish finger, that you had to make for yourself, all alone;

Though you're not hungry any more, you'll be thinking about food again in five minutes, because you haven't actually eaten any proper food. You've been living on filler for months and you're starting to feel sick. You need a decent meal.

And...

B) Learning to fish. Calling in sick. Preparing your fishing line. Heading out to a special spot. Immersing yourself in the wild.

Waiting. Quietly contemplating the long day until you finally hook a bite, and you reel it in, exhilarated. As it breaks through the surface of the water you are intelligent enough to recognise it's vulnerability, you have empathy with this sentient creature, a sense of immutable connectedness. It's right there in front of you, looks you in the eyes, gasping before surrendering.

The fire is crackling by the river as you prepare the rainbow trout meticulously. The intoxicating smells of smouldering flesh are clinging to the inside of your nostrils. You're overcome with base desire as you finally put it in your mouth. You have time to savour and stretch out this experience. The juices are flowing down the back of your throat and your belly is filling up with warmth. The sun dips low, casting multicolour reflections as you look out over a shimmering, yielding river, finishing up your last bite. Well nourished and content, you feel proud of your accomplishment.

Just as you're musing over how awesome that fish was, you realise that it's still right there in front of you, staring back at you in awe. The fish exclaims, "That was fun!"

Suddenly you realise that you didn't eat the fish at all, you and the fish were both eating each other, and there's a good chance you'll soon be eating each other again... You're pumping oxytocin which you never get from Fish Fingers, and you're as giddy as some dipstick falling into love with a magical fish. Snuggling up in a flood of serotonin, you remind yourself that this is not a story about fish, but about sex, and when sex is done well, it's scrumptious.

When sex is adulterated and refined to be mass produced, and is habitually consumed as a substitute for good nutrition—it's bad for you.

Yes, it really is as simple as that.

TL:DR Dodge malnutrition. Learn to fish. Savour the meal.

Troubled Waters

“To be, or not to be. That is the question. Whether it is nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortunes, or to take up arms against a sea of troubles, and by opposing them, end them.”

- Hamlet.

Not everybody loves porn unconditionally, some even outright challenge it's authority—Ann Hansen is one such heretic. One day she was walking down the street with her friends in Vancouver, and just happened to blow up a few pornography stores. Ann didn't like it that the stores had been selling snuff, which were films of humans being raped and slaughtered in various morbid scenes of mortal humiliation. The consumer could purchase a vicarious role by buying the footage and indirectly funding further homicides.

For those sticking with the rumour that snuff is just an urban myth—keep your optimism, we're gonna need it.

After the explosives detonated and the buildings all went up in flames, without collapsing neatly into themselves like in a controlled demolition—the government introduced some new laws. Apparently you're not allowed to sell snuff in Canada any more.

Move over folks. Nothing to see here.

But Ann Hansen didn't just come out no where. Along the way to the pornography store, she blew up a munitions factory in North America—whereupon one dead security guard blew a hole in his mother's heart, a few walls fell down and a barely detectable dent presented itself in the weapon industries magnetic propensity towards the production of profitable mass killing devices.

Kill, is the word for what looks like murder—but isn't called murder—when it's a war.

Comparisons

*When did everybody start fighting each other over the bottom of the barrel?**

Why do we want to drink rocket fuel,

With it's toxic scum, floating visibly on the surface...

When we compare our actions to those we consider morally inferior,

We cease to picture the top shelf, with it's finest of elixirs.

** (2001, actually)*

Before I can begin words, rebuttal is twisting round the dry tip of his tongue, same excuse as it ever is. The conversation knows exactly where it is going, it is bored, and can't wait to die.

The spark hits the gas and his eyes shine. Glisten. Happens almost every time. Whoever he is, he'll jitter around—never landing on it—for to land on the word could interfere cosmically with the objective: Pose as a progressive, take no risk.

Like a ghost star, the ideas igniting the conversation could be dead already, and the conversationalists are just waiting for the light to go out. He begins to salivate. He doesn't even have to say it, but he wets his lips with the tip of his tongue, because it's an easy kill.

"There are worse places for women."

Nobody would want to sound like a bigot, it is unspoken.

No one has to say it. We both know what is implied when he says, "worse places".

What he means by 'places' is 'people'.

What he means by 'worse places' is Arabs.

I just don't think that's a good enough excuse.

"Arabs are worse places" is a big black block of words, screeching at us from the front pages for over ten years.

"Muslims are worse than us" is not a big black block of words, but a **pre-programmed set of consequences**.



For the sake of this exercise: Suspending all judgement of Arabs for a moment—if we even possess the skill—surely we can find some other exotic place on earth that is doing even more sordid shit than anything we're currently implicated in... And what—for goodness sakes—are we doing comparing ourselves to *that*?

Here are some other people you can compare yourself to. They are also from faraway lands:

Malalai Joya

Malala Yousafzai

Mohamed Bouazizi

Ali Ahmed

Aung San Suu Kyi

Faridoun Hemani

Sunitha Krishnan

Mama Masika

Rachel Lloyd

Abraham Papo

Temar Boggs

Deric Lostutter

Kathryn Bolkovac

Chelsea Manning

Mark Klein
Sybel Edmonds
John Kiriakou
Hervé Falciani
Edward Snowden

Aaron Swartz

Rosa Parks
Wendy Davis

David Attenborough
Carl Sagan
Donella Meadows
Rachel Carson

Izaac Azimov
Alan Turing

Shaun Micallef
Abraham Lincoln
Gautama the Buddha

Here are some other animals you can compare yourself to:

Chimpanzee.
Gorilla.
Orangutan .
Bonobo.

Here are some of the elements you can compare yourself to:

Carbon.
Oxygen.
Hydrogen.

The Mathematics of Failure

Screwing the people 101: Supplement local economies with strategically imposed external economies/monopolies. Deny the peasants equal access. Control communication pathways and encourage them to squabble amongst themselves. Round up the women and sell them back to the men. Keep them working. Harvest the people.

With the introduction of women into the workplace, markets responded quickly, so that it now takes a dual income to float a house. Effectively this means that in covering the basics, twice as much of people's time is reaped from them, essentially shnavelled. If citizens have noticed, they haven't complained much because they are all too busy working and staring into screens. The screens are watching them and taking notes.

While humans may sell their time by the hour, nobody pays mothers for the 15 or so solid *years* it takes to produce a human—which is lucky, because if anyone did pay mothers a dignified living wage, profit margins would be diminished and billionaires would be forced to cut back on holiday houses. Women take their liberation very seriously, but there just isn't enough time on the side to their traditional 24/7 unpaid jobs as mother servants—to get the money. Many mothers consider themselves failures, not understanding that they are providing exactly the function the system requires of them—the anonymous production of human fodder.

How do you make profits? By keeping the masses working.

How do you keep the masses working? By keeping them in personal debt.

How do you keep the masses in personal debt? By keeping them landless.

How do you keep the (Western) masses landless? By ransoming their houses and keeping their mothers poor.

How do you keep women poor? By failing to monetise the value of motherhood.

How do you get away with it? Keep them busy and feed them propaganda.

How can you afford the propaganda? By keeping the profits rolling.

How do you make profits? By keeping the masses working.

How do you keep the masses working? Keep 'em in debt.

How do you get this past the fathers? Keep them working, distract and bribe them.

How do you distract and bribe them? Sex and shiny things!

Where do you get the sex from? Women.

Where do you get the shiney things from? Slave factories.

How do you keep slaves working? Keep 'em in debt.

...and that should basically cover why mothers, fathers and whole nations are currently in no position to keep their offspring out of industrialised prostitution and other types of labour exploitation. *It doesn't matter what you care about if you don't own the land beneath it.*

Children of wealthy nations continued to grow up and leave home, pouring into the work force. It made them lonelier than ever. All around them light forms were imitating female sex parts and commanding them to buy things. And they did work and they did buy many things, but the one thing they could never buy was the permission to just sit down and chill out with each other, which was secretly what many of them wanted to do. Many of them took various minerals which were moulded into the form of killing machines and emancipated themselves in the only way they could perceive of.*

** Chilling out was in fact, precisely what the planet needed them to do, suffering as she was, a terminal case of human productivity.*

Melbourne Mistress

This is a love story about a Korean girl who lived in Melbourne and the man who tried to rescue her from slavery. He was beaten to bits with an iron bar and left to die in front of the brothel on Hoddle St.

Six hours after evacuating life, his brother, David made a police statement. David stated that a moment prior to Abraham Papos sudden transit towards South Melbourne and imminent death, he had called his lover Kathy (not her real name) on the phone, and heard her crying and screaming in pain:

“Abraham said Kathy was being raped and beaten and told me that he had to help her. He (Abraham) then said that a male had got on Kathy’s phone and threatened him. The guy had said that he would chop him up if he came near her. He told me he then rang an Asian guy that runs a brothel in South Melbourne and had an argument on the phone about Kathy.”

According to David, Abraham drove to Oakleigh police station and told an officer he was gravely concerned for the welfare of a 20-something Korean woman he had dated, who was being held captive, threatened and had her passport taken from her.

Abraham tried to bust her out, and then he was dead.

Nobody knew what Abraham ‘Hami’ Papo was planning, but what they did know was this: He had left \$2500 with his brother, and roughly the same amount in the boot of his car. Hami told his mum that he had to sort out “a problem” involving Kathy. He told his brother, David, that his girlfriend was a sex worker, in dire peril—kidnapped in Melbourne, trafficked to Sydney and forced into sexual servitude.

On February 12, 2009, as Abraham Papo lay broken in a crimson pool, the Federal Police dropped in on the case. The murderer and the brothel were known to them.

Australian court archives are littered with a story about the man with the iron bar, who has been twice convicted in two states for breaking laws within the sex industry. In Queensland he was convicted of illegal provisioning of prostitution, so he flew to Adelaide and ran an illegal brothel there, until he was charged and convicted. During this time, he was charged for ‘inflicting sexual servitude’, and if he did it, he got away with it, without conviction. Melbourne was an easy next stop.

The brothel-come-crime-scene was already the target of two separate AFP investigations into human trafficking—with witness statements alleging that women were being held hostage and sexually abused for profit until they had “paid off their debt.” Despite this outrageous record, the proprietors of the brothel on Hoddle Street had never had any problem getting a license from the State. More licensed brothels on the same street, as well as in Heidelberg and Richmond, have been implicated in the syndicate. They’re not the only ones—far from it. They are the tip of an iceberg melting into a deadly global current.

Two components of this incident beggared belief. The first: The man with the iron bar was *never charged

for murdering Abraham Papo. Second: The city of Melbourne has been handing out licenses to human traffickers.

Abraham leaves us a legacy. His actions blew the lid publicly on a bustling network of local human traffickers and the bureaucracy which enables them. Suddenly it became public knowledge that one no longer has to travel abroad to pick up a sex slave. Australia is awash. Our laws are lax and it's easy business here.

Many humble thanks must go to Abraham's parents, for raising a young man of such integrity, and for having the unfathomable strength to bear that. Abraham Papo gave me perspective at a time when my faith in human nature was in morbid crisis. I am deeply indebted to him for his courage, and to the woman who inspired his final act. These star-crossed lovers crystallised the direction of this book, accosting me to draw from one critical lesson. I am forever in awe of my teachers for this most legendary and heart breaking reminder...

Love is real.

**After this case gained public attention, the man with the iron bar was eventually charged. On 28th October 2013, he got off on all charges, without so much as a tap on the wrist—on the grounds that Abraham was basically asking to be killed, acting all crazy like that. I have no words.

The Green Menace

If you could find a worm hole and get yourself transplanted into as many different times in history that you could...if you had that freedom...it wouldn't be impossible to find creatures that looked humanoid, yet utterly relaxed and naked as the honest sun, making love beneath a hemp plant. Not that there is a problem with herb, or sex, but you won't find that sort of thing outdoors much nowadays, because frankly, it's illegal. Obscenity laws are easily used to extricate funds out of extroverted copulating couples, in the form of fines. One knows that one shall not mate in public. One does not smoke a doob in public because frankly—timber pulp, and additionally propaganda.* But that is another part of the same story, and we must forge on.

Herb and sex have gone underground. Whether sex got there through a false sense of modesty, or it remains hidden in the basement after being pushed there by our religious forefathers, the point is—it's there. And funny things can happen to herb and sex in the basement.

You can film sex and imbibe herb, and nobody need be getting hurt, except perhaps a bit of chaffing and recurring bronchitis, both of which can be avoided with a little attention to occupational health and safety. Herb and sex and even filming sex, are not so much problems in themselves...but yes, there is a major problem with herb which has been covered in poisons, hydroponically grown under stress conditions and channeled through murderous gangster networks—much the same as there is a problem with women who are industrially sexed under stress conditions and traded through those same networks. Ja bra, your dealer is a nice guy, a family man, but the network you are funneling your money to—is deadly.

Many of the shop guys are really only doing it for an income and out of a love of marijuana...but not every street peddler provides a buffer between the consumer and the dangers of the black market...some of them provide a gateway. Marijuana can lead to thinking, but nowadays it can also lead to a crack habit—not just because of what is happening on the inside of a person but also what is happening on the outside of them. Developing a crack habit is not so much a matter of someone's own biophysical response to imbibing herb, but an indicator of the amount of organised lunacy they are immersed in.

Nobody acts surprised when a kid going into a some mass fast food franchise for a salad, emerges with a wopping burger. Likewise, we needn't be shocked if a kid heading to the basement to buy marijuana ends up with a crack pipe in their hand—if the person who sells them pot, also puts crack on the menu. We should in fact expect to see kids emerge from the basement with a crack pipe, wherever sex is also for sale in the same venue, especially when those kids happen to be pretty teenage runaways.

* * *

Even when healthy porn options aren't easy for viewers to come across—because everything else has been super-sized—men's attraction to crack porn is still hidden behind a flimsy red veil of 'boys will be boys'. In this context you might as well say, "Boys will eat burgers and be addicts", and actually, that's exactly what propagandists have been chiming all along.

Us apes naturally gravitate towards light sources which display (illusions of what we think is potential) sex, having a little watch. When people through their own morbid curiosity are filter bubbled into watching videos

of (typically) women being brutalised (for real real, not for play play)—let's not be too rash in our judgement of their slack jawed defeat. The hyperstimulus of modern rapid fire porn is to our hapless brains much like a drug. One desired consequence of drug consumption is to fire off the reward circuitry in our brains, as is also the desired consequence of porn consumption.

For some, using porn can offer it's own little gateway to harder stuff and nastier situations. The progression can steadily go from soft to hard (though not necessarily for the same reasons prohibitionists and propagandists will tell you.)

Family dysfunction, erectile dysfunction, Obsessive Compulsive Disorder, depression and plenty more disempowering crap has been linked by reputable neuroscientists to heavy use of porn. Both crack cocaine and crack porn have the similar habit of penetrating deep into a person's addiction centers, rewiring neural pathways and force fucking brains. Both can cause enormous amounts of physical damage, yet while the expression 'Meth, not even once' may have made it's way into college vernacular; the unlikely phrase "Porn, not even three times a week" is yet to stick.

Over time as tolerance builds, addicts usually wind up consuming higher and higher volumes of a substance, in chasing equivalent highs. Yet curiously, past a certain point it's not the *intake* of porn that keeps increasing, but the amount of *physical/psychological damage* inflicted, the level of *sadism* depicted, that tends to increase in material sought by heavy users. In the films designed to jack up addicts, the substance of porn may be *the pain itself*.

Though drugs and porn of course differ in many ways, the objectives of both industries are nevertheless identical, which is to exploit peoples vulnerabilities in order to make money. It's probably fair to say that the relentless pursuit of symbols(\$), numbers and power by humans might have damaged our relationship to sex, herb, and other potential tools for enhancing consciousness. Herb and (mutually consensual) sex are hardly the professed problematic agents in this discussion on drugs and porn, so let's burn that straw man quickly and keep our eyes on the page.

Don't look now but we are dealing with organised gangsters.

* In the 1930s, new technologies evolved promising to make hemp production a lot cheaper than wood pulp and plastic. A couple of key people felt threatened. Lamont Dupont, a major player in the plastics industry, grabbed his banker and teamed up with William Randolph Hearst for a little game of social engineering.

Randolph Hurst was a funny old chap who just happened to own major shares in most of North America's newspapers and tabloids; coinciding neatly with his massive stake in the timber pulp industry. Worried what would happen to his colossal fortune should the hemp industry get in the way of timber pulp production, he did the next obvious thing. Randy pumped North America's newspapers with hysterical, anti-cannabis propaganda, not really being bothered by the fact that nobody was actually smoking hemp. It only took a few years of relentless scaremongering the population, to induce people to accept a gradual creeping of tax Acts and changes to the laws surrounding cannabis—casting hemp under the same crude umbrella. Weed was eventually outlawed. Reefer madness swept the world. The hemp industry was toppled, newspapers continued to utilise wood pulp, and non-biodegradable plastics kept their niche. By and by, Citizen Kane and company all got very rich indeed.

It is interesting to note that as more people started reading newspapers online, the timber pulp industry simply started putting all the left over wood into food, conveniently labelled as 'Plant cellulose'.

Prohibition set off a 'War on Drugs', dubbed by producer of *The Wire*, David Simon as "a holocaust in slow motion." As it turns out,

the best thing about illegalising pot is that you can potentially lock anyone who touches it in kennels and make them work for nothing, implying that it's all their fault. You can force captives to pay for their cage, and if they can't pay; better still, you can run them into debt. Debt implies ownership. There are so many ways for profiteers around the rules which outlaw slavery.

There must also be plenty of ways around the myriad of rules outlawing drugs. All over the world, throughout all echelons of society —ordinary people are still getting high.

Haunted

"History is full of arseholes. Just when you think you've dealt with them, more show up."

- Anon.

We recognise how militaries occupy and control land. What is less scrutinised is the ways in which foreign gangs are interacting with each other, and scouting out foreign land and 'resources'. The lack of available scrutiny is understandable, because often, those who give it a go don't make it out alive.

What above-board militaries can't do for an institutions' colonial ambitions, gangs can do underground. So long as it doesn't show up in the paper work and governments aren't implicated, as they do the bidding of the transnationals behind them. Gangs try out new territories across the world. Deals are made.

When rogue enclaves of foreign police officers arrest an indigenous man, they are making a point of rule. When they sell drugs to him, they are making a profit, but only while he agrees to keep selling them on.

When one hired thug is chopping up a skull over a broken drug deal, another part of the Asian Triad is setting up home base. The land beneath them has been bought up by a different class of gangster, also of Han-Chinese descent. They can make themselves comfortable. In the lyrics of an unknown pop prophet, "All you motherfuckers better learn Chinese."

When the Russian Mafia digs its heels in, it is keeping trade relationships with Australia open, as a depository for Russia's most vulnerable women. The white ones sell for the most.

When human traffickers set up down the street, and the state gives them a license, the traffickers are not just colonising turf, they are colonising a government.

Likewise abroad: When the CIA stands on the border, throwing weapons into a foreign country, they are playing with definitions, in accordance to turf rules. They are preparing the space for close relatives, who are not far behind them, wondering what to wear to the barbecue.

When any of the above elements cross pollinate to do business with each other and any of their numerous associates, we are dealing with a very successful black market, which in turn helps to float our international economies.

Gangs colonise, but not without a counter response from the people they injure. When the victims of organised sexual violence colonise us, it is with telepathic butterflies, which have escaped the broken hearts of all the people in captivity and taken flight across the planet. They have settled upon the inner limits of our souls to die.

Stop the Sex Show, I Want to Get Off

"The standard you walk past is the standard you accept."

- Chief of Army, Lieutenant General David Morrison, AO.

People who have been trafficked say yes to drugs, in the same way that someone who has had their legs ripped off and sewed to their eyeballs, say yes to morphine. *It's for the pain.*

Crack is commonly used to drug victims who are sexually abused for profit, while whatever they consume is conveniently used against them as a mounting debt owed to their captor. The fact that the slave driver has caused the conditions which makes a hostage depend so heavily on crack, is unspoken by the captive, who is off her face, and struggles to put the words together. Few people hear it when they do talk.

The following excerpts are from the book *Slave Girl*, written by Sarah Forsyth, after whom the book was named. Trafficked out of Britain at 19 and inserted openly into the epicentre of Amsterdam's red light district; she was forced to turn more than twenty 'tricks' a day. The most sordid details of Sarah's ordeal are not entailed here; they are waiting for you in her paperback, if you are brave enough to look. Millions and millions (and so on) of slaves have been trafficked since it's 2009 publication. How many are trafficked in the future will depend on the standard we all accept.

Here is Sarah's account of her first 'punter', after being dashed away from the job she was promised as a nanny, with a gun to the head.

BEFORE CRACK (B.C.)

"I was terrified, but I knew what I had to do. When it was over he stood up, carefully put on his clothes and simply said thanks, as if I had done him some small favour that could be repaid by a simple word of empty gratitude. Thanks. For what? Letting you rape me?"

The Red Light District may have evolved into a place where prostitution is openly celebrated, due to the admirable civic consensus that a woman who chooses to prostitute herself should not be forced underground. *The road to hell is paved by good intentions.* In reality it seems, that without clear and decisive ethical oversight, wherever restrictions relax; pimps simply spring up out of the basement, dead-bolting the door behind them. All over the world, women remain hidden in the dungeons, yet in "Rosa Burton", they are more visible than ever.

Sarah was openly displayed, a prime cut in a neon window, in a popular tourist beat—naked before the eyes of the law, and many of those eyes lit up to say, “How much?” Such is the level of confidence in modern slave wranglers that no one will object.

AFTER CRACK (A.C.)

“I had become a robot; a breathing, walking, and (sometimes) talking sex doll, rent-able for 15 minutes at a time, and displaying no outward signs of any distress. How could I have shown even the slightest twitch of emotion or pain when I was so heavily sedated with drugs?”

People asked why Sarah didn’t try to escape. Her abductor trained bull mastiffs to terrorise her into compliance, back where she slept on a manky mattress, under padlock and key. But what about when he wasn’t there?

“Crack made his job so much easier. He didn’t even need the service of gangs ‘offering’ their protection...to pimps concerned about their girls running away. Where would I run to when I was so effectively chained to the pipe and the little white rocks of crack?”

Every inhalation of sweet oblivion gets a slave further into debt. Debt bonds. This is a highly common method of trafficking slaves—put them on a hook and throw them to the fish.

“We would somehow redouble our efforts at the window, leering at the punters, walking up and down, touching ourselves, or each other, obscenely. And it was always the same routine: hook them, open the door, grab their hand, pull them in—smiling all the while, making them feel special, feel wanted, valued even. Make them feel like their wives don’t want them any more, give them that little rush of Adrenalin that comes with doing something illicit; make them want it so much that they come back and want it again. [Sound familiar?] Anything to get the man in through the door, anything to earn the money and get the next rock and the all too brief nothingness it promised.”

Addiction cuts a hard deal.

“Cut adrift from the deep and nourishing undercurrent of real love, sex becomes a mechanical action. And like all mechanical actions, it gets boring the more you repeat it. Hence the need for something to liven it up. This applies to pornography as much as it does to prostitution.

What might bring back the original adrenaline rush, lost after the thrill has gone out of the basic commercial transaction of fucking?

Easy. Make the whole experience harder and dirtier. And from so called ‘straight sex’ the punter moves on to anal, from anal to a bit of ‘water-sports’ maybe. And when the buzz slowly fades again it’s time to move on to something a little more violent or more dangerous. Not for the punter of course. No, the added element of danger is rarely ever applied to him. Instead, it’s all heaped on the poor, broken prostitute he has come to abuse. Make it more dangerous for her, that’ll make it all exciting again, at least for a while.

We knew about the empty warehouses with their black walls and custom built torture chambers; we knew all about the ropes and the pulleys and the big wooden paddles. We knew about the women who had grown too old or drug ravaged to stand in the windows and now worked out on the streets, desperate enough to submit to any pain or degradation for the price of a rock of crack.”

Sarah Forsyth may have been stranded in a labyrinth of pain and sedation, but she didn’t miss the point of it all.

“Rosse Burr was organised on the finest principles of free market capitalism. The pimps and porno store owners made money, landlords made huge sums of money from renting out property to them. Even the city council and the government made a fortune: And all of this intricately organised economy was based on one thing: the pain, suffering, and tears of women slaving every day in the sex industry, women who by in large didn’t get to keep much (or in my case, any) of the cash they generated.

Indeed all of this, the drugs, the pornography, prostitution, was officially ‘tolerated’. What that meant in practice was a vicious and extremely lucrative free-for-all in which anything and everything had its price—and the people at the top of the tree grew obscenely wealthy on the pain and suffering of those at the bottom.”

Sounds remarkably familiar.

People walked past Sarah Forsyth everyday, day after day, business as usual. They gawked at her and smiled as she stood there for sale; one more skinny body in “a cargo of human misery.”

The people who paid money to her traffickers for a chance to abuse her, did so in broad daylight. The only defence imaginable is, “they didn’t know.” The remaining justification is clear. “Everyone’s doing it.” Raping slaves? Really? These same excuses are popping up all over the globe, and both of them are damning.

The difference between a ‘free’ (sex) worker and some one who is being trafficked—is an independent desire to be on the job. That means freely choosing (sex) work out of a set of available alternatives.

What defines someone as trafficked—is their inability to perceive of escaping the life, which is systematically preconditioned, instigated and wilfully exacerbated by collaborated efforts to keep a person “in the game”, with intent to profit. What we are describing is captivity, but it is less easily quantified, because “some prisons are not made out of concrete walls—some are in your mind.” It is harder to define an invisible fence, until you come up against it.

Traffickers are wealthy people who trade captive people amongst themselves for numbers at a profit. The underground floor managers are affectionately known as pimps.

HE DIDN’T KNOW

What can be said about the lives of ordinary sex workers, if ‘punters’ can’t tell the difference between the ‘free’ prostitutes (doublespeak) and the women who are trafficked if, on the surface, many of them appear the same? How have we not already built such safety networks for sex workers that it becomes patently obvious to a client when someone is a hostage? How does a culture exonerate itself from the inability to tell who is who, on the basis that superficially, there really is not much difference? If a free range chicken is subjected to the same appalling conditions as a battery chicken—it’s a battery chicken, no matter what the label says. Know thy brothel.

What do we have to say about the acculturation of an ordinary man—the John—who cannot recognise when he is paying to sexually abuse someone? A huge level of compartmentalisation has had to go on in this man’s mind, for him to be able to access a state where he cannot recognise another person’s pain, and another state where he can inflict it. Where did this fragmentation come from? What other parts have been created? What cues will it take for those parts to reveal themselves? What does it say for the luck of his kin who are stuck with him as a husband or a dad...tucked away anonymously behind doors to deal with his various personalities?

Either a client can tell or he can’t. If John detects that someone has been taken hostage, he needs to be able to go to the police without fear of prosecution, and he needs to be able to trust that the police aren’t in on the syndicate.

“Who cares, I just wanna get my dick wet.”

How do we reconcile our well funded celebration of industrialised sexual violence...with our desire to see ourselves as a free and civilised society? *Who*, and *what* are we, if we *don’t* care?

* * *

‘Crack Whore’ is a synonym for someone who looks like a sex slave, but isn’t called a slave, when it’s big business. Survivor is the word for the few who escape. Jane Doe are the words for those who don’t.

Given that it’s all supposed to be a big secret; it’s unknown exactly how many women and children and yes even men are forced into the sex trade around the globe, the most conservative estimate is approximately one million at any given time. Even with my dubious methodology; at an average 20 ‘tricks’ per day, 365 days a year; the smallest number we can deduce is a robust 7,300,000,000 commodified rapes per year. How much money is that? How much turf? Mincing digits might present us with a gross underestimation. If the numbers were any clearer, we’d have to admit we’re riddled with slaves—and this lot isn’t picking cotton or building pyramids. The biggest profits are made within the borders of industrialised nations. Australia, the U.S. and Britain are seemingly rife with it. And people thought they had to go overseas. Hell, they don’t even need to leave the house or make contact with another human, not now, when the footage may be beamed so easily into the central nervous system, instantaneously on demand, with a flick of the wrist. Has it always been this easy to be on the wrong side of history?

In every unhappy commodified sexual transaction, with every paid abuse, each mindless click of the mouse, money is being transferred to an industry which would like to recruit youngsters, most often our daughters to be anally force fucked by strangers against their own free will. It is happily industrious in training our sons to be the strangers who pay for it. Profit horizons are expanding exponentially. Money is turf.

Not everybody who is trafficked gets hooked on drugs, many of them have to do it sober. Plenty more are doing it for the kids. Plenty *are* kids. Drugs or no drugs, it’s a sordid affair.

I understand why a lot of people don’t want to think about it.

Excuse me while I go and self medicate.

Stop the sex show I want to get off.

Supply and Command

It happened a little bit like this. Once, not so long ago...

Ordinary people worked long hours and were tired—and sometimes the TV wasn't enough to alleviate the numbness. In fact the TV often exacerbated the numbness, so people would make regular, desperate bids to get away from it, only to stagger home later, like a battered wife returning to her master. People remained undeterred. Regularly escaping the interior of their boxes, they went to the insides of other different boxes, paying to consume alcohol—which made them feel a little bit dumber, sometimes better, often angrier, always hornier. Often this was enough for the people. They were so strung out from all the work and all the TV, that the liquid poison helped them to fuck and forget.

For many others, it was entirely insufficient, spiritually retarded, debased. To these discontents, work, TV and alcohol was less than everything they thought life should crack up to be. Some of them found hobbies, but many of them discovered it was too much to maintain extracurricular crafts—outside all the “real life” stuff were they were expected to do at work—and all the work they had to do just to be ready for work. There just didn't seem to be time to nurture a meaningful existence. But they didn't give up. They learned to party.

One of the most convenient things about partying is you didn't have to go anywhere special, you just had to get it and stick it in. Up the nose, in the lungs, down the hatch or up the bum, straight into your veins—people got it in. And many of them did go somewhere special, and made special things happen, and for a while they felt very special, even vaguely mystical. And it was fun.

But it costs money to stick things in and some things are more illegal to stick in than others. Ordinary people didn't want to incur the risks involved with producing the illegal things, so they looked for other people who weren't as sensible, to do the producing for them. What the ordinary people didn't know was that the people producing the illegal things were actually very sensible indeed, and had already weighed up the risks against the profit. Producing all the things that ordinary people were too scared to produce for themselves brought in a whole lot of money. And that was the point. Money is turf.

Still, there were drawbacks in dealing with illicit substances. Rivalling shops could steal your assets and you couldn't take them to court, because court was exactly the place where everybody had to pretend that none of it was happening. So the sensible ones got guns and knives—even the odd tomahawk or samurai sword to protect their equity. Weapons became available for sticking into clients who neglected to honour their contracts, which was a bonus, because you couldn't take them to court either. With the money rolling, the bigger producers found that they had a green light, especially when they put certain members of law and order enforcement—on the payroll. Things were going nicely.

But then people got bored. It wasn't enough.

Seeing as how everybody was so well practised at selling naughty things in the dark, some dealers went and put weapons on the menu, just for something to do. Production went into overdrive, modestly mirroring the big time canopy of above ground dealers selling weapons out in public at international Arms Fairs. This is partially the geological story of how bits of brass, steel and silver transformed themselves into small

transportable units, which coincidentally could kill people. A great migratory story of metal, exploding bones and emancipating meat from restrictive skin, as it travelled in small chunks across the planet, to new places. An incredible journey. Metal moves. Weapons sell.

The drugs had worked for a while, but it hadn't been enough. Selling weapons was fun for a while, but it wasn't enough. The black market was making a lot of money but it's never enough—nothing ever is, not with addiction. Drugs and weapons were lucrative for those willing to take the risk, but ownership was transient. You could only sell a batch of drugs once before it was out your hands, you could only sell a gun once. On the flip side, you could sell a woman more than twenty times a day, seven days a week, including Christmas—and at some point, some enterprising chaps drew that distinction.

1994 came suddenly.

Godhead Netscape delivered the creatures of the Interwebs into a new technological age. With the birth of the Internet, potential for distribution was spread unthinkably wide; porn got in quick and cranked the cogs. As self proclaimed 'filth' spread like mycelium in all directions, Deepthroat found it's nook in the vintage hall of fame. Internet technology scrambled to keep up with the pace (and has been driven by the demands of porn production ever since). Films of extreme prostitution had hit the big time.

Western children escaped the monotony of their own TVs, suddenly freed to consume second hand adult sexual violence, from the 'safety' of their First World homes. Nobody was there to warn the kids not to get horny, so they did, and eventually they got their wallets out. Trends emerged.

Forced prostitution wasn't new by a long shot, but the velocity startled as new methods of dispatchment evolved. In response, the 'justice system' allocated a 'penalty' for trafficking humans, which was set at around 14 years. The pimp simply calibrated this figure against the potential millions he stood to make selling women. A successful pimp could buy his way out of jail, and even if he went in, it would only be for a time, and then only to make industry connections. The deal was unreal. The profit incentives cracked the whip. One woman could be used to buy another woman, and so on. How many do you want in your slave harem? How much of it do you want to film?

WHO'S YOUR DADDY?

By now, there were plenty of Western girls becoming available for sexploitation because plenty of Western dads were messed up on drugs, and not in any adequate state to go effectively ape-shit in the defence of his little princess. Plenty more didn't know they were dads because they were on drugs when they stuck it in, and gone by the morning. Others simply didn't care. Whole legions of dads were in prison for sticking illegal substances into themselves, so they weren't much use to anyone (except of course—the black market economy and the companies keeping dads in kennels for dirt cheap labour and a profit).

The 'best' fathers rose to the surface, labouring at their respective jobs, day after day, so that they could earn enough money to keep their own daughters safe—but what this meant was that they were too busy to keep anybody else's daughter safe. Sadly, a sufficient amount of dads were driven insane and began introducing

little girls to porn.

The barriers to trade presented by the protective paternal unit had been lifted.

Western daughters became increasingly more vulnerable to being trafficked. The TeenAsias had long stocked the shelves, having earlier had their tiger economies properly plundered by marauding banksters and gamblers. The steady flow of weapons into Africa and the Middle East had coincided with a steady extraction of resources, including women. Mail order brides tumbled out of the Soviet Union as she fell and civil wars in Eastern Europe had secured a steady supply of Bosnian, Croatian, Chechnyan, Serbian, Romanian and Albanian girls. Destabilised countries make heavy fodder. The pornographic sexual abuse of eastern European women was already so ordinary to customers that by the time the girls from 'rich' countries ended up on the market, nobody asked any questions. The white ones sold for the most and the punters had become conditioned to accessing them. With the fathers out of the way, the Western fodder came in hard and fast. Primed by Disney to believe in a prince—the girls-next-door were easy to knock off. They were lost. Many of them were poor. It was easy to charm them.

Trade was thumping. Rape had conceived of hardcore porn—the Internet delivered her into a crowded Colosseum, constructed of millions of individual, anonymous booths. Crack porn provided both a direct medium for trafficking humans, and the predictive programming necessary to ignite fresh demand. Consumers flocked. The smell was irresistible.

Drugs were on hand to disable the girls and the weapons were ready to bully them into submission. A little assistance from criminal elements within the UN, private US mercenaries and local Mafia's across the globe, green lights, and everything was set. Trade routes were well established by a trail of drugs and weapons, new trade routes presented themselves online. The conduits were open, and now all types of women and men could be poured discreetly into the black market. Deposited openly into brothels, hostages were strung out to dry, on crack and smack—euphemisms for what is profitably done to them as foreplay in the basement. Online dating services provided one more click of a button and the real thing could be delivered to your door.

So long as women were poor it was easy enough to round them up. The good news for profiteers—women were getting poorer. The bad news for women—profiteers were getting richer. A feedback loop presented itself.

A self contained, symbiotic ecology of exponential profit had emerged. The tall tales of exponential growth economists finally started to make sense. Was it not what free market fundamentalists had promised all along? Anything was possible. It was called freedom.

It was perfect.

Not wanting to be left out on the next new fashionable way to screw the masses out of a living, mainstream television and other media channels rushed to venerate the concept of a pimp, a complimentary task to their tireless lauding of hos.

Predictably, the cool kids lent their approval, hitched their britches and partied on. The dorky kids took stock, and continued scribbling promises on the backs of their eyelids as they lay in insomniac darkness. The women remained underground.

The justice system through inaction issued a policy of abandonment to the slaves of the new world.

Spies watched on and compiled lists.

But it's never enough. Nothing ever is, not with addiction.

They built more prisons. And made more laws. They stole more fathers. And broke more whores.

And made more money.

Gradually, the ordinary people became miserable. New horizons opened up as profit margins grew for the pharmaceutical companies; who sold relief to the socially widowed mothers of distressed children—who had become chronically distressed in rapport with their mums, or maybe it was the other way around. Nobody knew. Those who had the skills to pay for pills—bought them. Still there were many mothers and others from less 'privileged' demographics who could not afford the illusion of a chemical rescue. Taking mercy of their suffering, the civic majority gave their own money, paying big Pharma to sedate all the broken people equally, so that people could be perceived of as 'equal'.

Charles Darwin once spoke of the survival of the fittest *and happiest*. But the morass of human consciousness was cunningly induced to forget the second part and proceeded to compete relentlessly—uninhibited by the increasing downward flaccidity of their exponentially sagging mouths. People did exactly as they were instructed, because if you did, you could buy something to fix the sag. Or so they were told.

“That's the thing about slaves—you don't have to ask, you just give instructions.”

When Bill and Ted laid out a similar prescription for survival—150 odd-years after Darwin coined the original—people are still making the same mistake. “Party on *and be excellent to each other*,” they said.

So when do we go all the way?

See No Evil

PROBLEM REACTION SOLUTION

“The size of the lie is a definite factor in causing it to be believed, for the vast masses of a nation are in the depths of their hearts more easily deceived than they are consciously & intentionally bad. The primitive simplicity of their minds renders them more easily prey to a big lie than a small one, for they themselves often tell little lies but would be ashamed to tell a big one.”

- Adolf Hitler, Mein Kampf.

Whatever you do, until you get rid of parasites and recover your structures— now is probably not the best time to let your governments offer you solutions to anything, especially obscenity; perpetrators as they may be.

It is also perhaps not the best time to dissolve governments. Infiltrated by scum as they may be, our government at least have the obligation to *pose* as if they are there to facilitate the common good, and they *are* the people handling the bureaucratic end of our deliverance into food, water and electricity. For now. There are at least *some* seats available at the boardroom for civilians who are incredibly industrious and well bred. Members of parliament *are* made available and allocated to listen to your concerns about how things are running. We have a symbolic vote. Such is the democratic process. Conversely, The Money Elite, from within mega corporations; are ideologically obliged to show no empathy at all to anyone (outside shareholders)—and most certainly take that liberty.

Sadly, over the many years, our parliamentary structures have become entirely archaic and useless old game-boards, locked as they are, in an intrepid game between massive corporations and the civic majority. However, they are the last structure standing between us—the civic majority, and the money elite. Those pesky governments can sometimes get in the way, infiltrated as they are by honourable individuals who labour relentlessly to uphold and protect the common good. Assassination is such a bother, in any of its nefarious forms.

Hence, even with our government’s limited success in protecting us from debt exploitation/success in throwing us to it, the ruling class would absolutely love it if we “smashed the State”, removing one more major barrier to their total rule. In fact, gutting our governments and dismantling their power is exactly what curious folk like the International Monetary Fund have been ‘encouraging’ the world towards for decades. If you would like to know more about this sort of encouragement, read up on Poverty ‘Reduction’ Schemes. Check out those ‘austerity measures’. Seems like everywhere the IMF goes, domestic economies crumble as an elite minority gains power. Civilians labour exponentially longer hours for less and less, as off shore tax havens continue to bulge. The self appointed, unelected IMF govern the business of reducing poverty. Is it a ruse, or an outstanding display of ineptitude?

* * *

Coincidentally, in light of recent public disclosures; it's evident we have a global spy system and militarized police force working in cahoots. What does it say about the intentions of these dubious institutions if slavery has been allowed to flourish under their patrol? If there are a million sex slaves in dungeons right now, surely our spies know a little about that, and the police military has the power to do something about it.

Who then, and what, are these institutions working for?

Who are they working against? A first guess is easily surmised by observing who is under surveillance, and which direction the gas grenades are launched. Looks like the people may have finally found themselves a common enemy.

The battle is in our minds.

* * *

WON'T SOMEBODY THINK OF THE CHILDREN

Actually some institutions *are* thinking of the children and those precious pixies present a potentially persuasive playing card in a perplexing procession towards what many people are calling totalitarianism. If Child Porn is one of the fastest growing industries online, or if it can at least be represented as such, we have a whole range of solutions available to reactionaries looking upwards for answers.

Cue online censorship. The theory is that “what we can't see can't hurt us”, but for all we know, the people saying that may have already been taken out by snipers. The claim is that none of us need check in with, or even develop our own moral compass because nowadays we have computer programs to do that for us. With the ability to compute so many pixels at once, certain algorithms are able to tell us at a glance what is deemed good for us, removing the hazard of any other content before we see it, lest we are compromised by unauthorised exposure to the big bad world. Apparently if we go along with all this; the big bad world will finally start going away.

According to censorship enthusiasts; nobody need decide for themselves if the people in a film are happy, consenting and free, because frankly that's not on the list of priorities. We don't need to go through the tumultuous and ever straining mental journey of understanding for ourselves that female ejaculation is ‘abhorrent’ when we can save all that energy and let something else decide that for us.

Censorship has it's opponents, which is what makes swiftly implementing it so instrumental because their presence in public discourse can also be made to disappear. Many people are rightfully concerned that (problems within) the porn industry may be used as an excuse to gradually introduce Chinese levels of information censorship—they will not unravel this dilemma nor defend liberty by clutching to the false claim that there *are* no problems within the sex entertainment industry. It's up to us if we want to look.

* * *

It is creepy to think that after coming so far from a puritanical past, we are inventing ways for computers to tell us exactly what constitutes morality. A program may be able to identify bondage tape, but is it able to tell whether or not the bound is a genuinely enthusiastic masochist with the free agency to call a safe word? An algorithm may be able to tell that a vulva is neatly shaven as proscribed, it may be able to identify a morally 'acceptable' boy on girl scene, but is it able to tell that nobody asked permission to put it in her bum? Can it tell where she came from? How she is feeling?

Only we can tell that. And we can tell easily, by engaging our empathy and extending it to *all* living beings, including porn actors and actresses. By looking at the damn thing and letting our honest guts tell us whether or not the people in a film, or behind the scenes are safe. Within our very own skulls we each possess a most powerful processing system. Arbitrary props need not muddy our judgement.

Sure, technologically it may be an easy next step to protect our tender eyes from bearing witness to debauchery and the damned, but is it moral? If someone *is* in a spot of trouble, should we pretend that person doesn't exist? May we use our *own* biochemical information processing systems to decide that for ourselves.

* * *

NOTE TO UNSCRUPULOUS WANKERS

In a soulless consumer landscape the unchecked persecution of women through the documentation of organised sexual abuse — the mass distribution of cruel footage into ordinary households—has consequences, especially when we fail to acknowledge that a crime has even been committed.

Most men will cum across the truth once in a while.

Would you give up crack porn to protect free speech?

- A) In an instant;
- B) Only if I thought there was a connection;
- C) No, porn is way too important. No deal.

So we are supposed to shut down the free flow of information across the Internet because of child porn and terrorists (and pirates). Still, if anyone goes out independently and does something to halt the industry of child porn, such as with explosives or a sharpened butter knife—they will end up dead or in a prison. On the way to prison they will be charged with terrorism if they identify as a freedom fighter. The prison may be a

secret. The message is clear: Child porn shall be handled by the system and the system is handling it very nicely, thank you very much.

Child porn is allegedly one of the fastest growing industries online. To combat this we are told that we need a lock down on the net. We could ask instead what is causing this apparent surge in child porn production, beside the obvious fact it's never been technologically easier to produce. We have a battalion of experts clambering to share their concerns with us. Neurologists, psychologists, psycho-killers, detectives and junkies—everyone's got something to say about it, and interestingly enough, they're all saying the same thing.

People are saying that the hyper-consumption of porn, being the hyper-stimulus it is, registers in our addiction centres. Just like any addiction, hardcore addicts tend to crave their substance more, harder, faster, nastier, in order to get the same effect.

Eleven to eighteen year olds make up one of the biggest contingents of Internet porn users. When kids start watching porn at age eleven, chances are they don't understand the first thing about the brain mechanics behind addiction, nor have knowledge of any relevant family history and subsequent reasons for caution. If some kids are more prone to addiction than others, they should have no reason to suspect that they are stepping into a potential trap when they go snooping for sex online. If others are *not* prone to addiction, they should have no reason to ever suspect the vortex exists at all.

Some potential (sex) addicts standing on the mouth of the vortex have a little more luck than others, depending on circumstances and attitudes. Some may take an inspired glance before scampering off together with a novel set of games to play, discovering whacky new ways of authenticating consent and getting off. Others may not feel so included, and may be left to fester all by themselves in the dark, where the dim glow of a lonely spiral beckons passageway.

They say it starts with one thing and it leads to the next. Pretty soon your average Joe who started watching barely legal can be onto the kiddy stuff, and then the dogs fucking kids stuff, because it never stops really, not until your dead. That's addiction.

Yeah, addicts be makin' pimps a lot of money. More money than just drugs and guns. And guns and drugs be makin' a lotta money—world's sure better than it ever was, this is the "apex of civilisation" baby. Not like in those bad old days when people where chattel and children had no rights and people were being killed everywhere and kept in dungeons and concentration camps all over the place. No. Not like that at all. Not even when it shows up on Google maps. Not even when it's all of Africa. Not even when we wear the spoils. Not even when you're watching it and masturbating to it. Not happening. Don't mention ze war.

So some experts are saying that the *unscrupulous* consumption of porn, of whatever sadistic shit you can think of to do to a woman, is just not enough for *some* hardcore addicts. Allegedly that's when they move onto child porn. And researchers reckon these people weren't even peadophiles to begin with—they are being *conditioned* that way. Eventually it's not enough to watch it on film and off they go and fuck a child. Film it, share, and the cycle is complete. Sadism lays eggs, to paraphrase the experts. But what would they know? The

jury's out for a fap.

Plenty of people will refuse to think about it. Why? Simply because it's easier not to think. If they thought about it then they might have to do something, and doing something could get them killed, or at least force them to find another way to masturbate. Easier not to. Isn't that a good enough answer? Well it's certainly a good enough answer for cowards and unscrupulous wankers.

What if, hypothetically, you came to an epiphany that both commercial genres of (mainstream) sexual sadism against women and children stem from the same basic business models, the same narrative of abuse of power, and appeal to the same chemical impulses? Would you stop wanking to *unhappy* depravity if it turned out *real* people were being hurt? Would you quit your sadistic consumption of women for the sake of children, if you thought there was a connection to the demand for child porn? Would you do whatever it takes to shut off demand? Would you even entertain the idea?

Would you show restraint? Culpability? Heroism?

We would not want to compromise the pimps right to free speech, heaven forbid. Alas, now that the world is rife with sellable child-fucking we are being told to surrender our Internet freedom. Who amongst us are examining all alternative avenues to an Internet lock-down—in a bid to protect Internet freedom, or to at least expose those who would take it away as unimaginative flunkies?

Are *you* taking care of the problem of child porn through your own research and community initiatives or are you leaving it to 'the-powers-that-be' to come up with solutions?

While there are scientifically minded people asserting connections between the scale of sexual abuse in the hardcore porn industry and the sexual abuse in the child porn industry—"I don't think so" quite often encapsulates the whole case for the defence. Highly developed thought processes going on there. Many people will do what it takes to shut up their detractors so they can get back to business as usual, even if business as usual for one person happens to be a naked march to a gas chamber for another.

I don't expect anyone to acknowledge they are a dupe; nobody wants to be an oxymoron. Crack porn lovers: Ok, so you "don't think" about it, and it's a 'free world', so you don't have to, right? Just don't go whinging to the Internet when the same old motley crew push for yet another draconian solution to problems you might have helped them create. *Maybe* you're not such an innocent bystander.

You've been warned.

You Get What You Pay For

“He shall reap what he has sown”

“The thing is to see the plant before it has germinated.”

- Ts'ao Kung, The Art of War

“Every time history repeats itself, the price goes up.”

- Anon. via Ronald Wright.

Just as fracking almost certainly triggers earthquakes:

Burger obsession—obesity;

Smoking—cancer;

Giant Agriculture—salinity, desertification, various cancers (resulting from mass scale pesticide use);

Mining—environmental decimation, water pollution;

Deforestation—interspecies genocide, climate instability;

Oil addiction—pollution, road casualties, deadly neighbourhood division, organised mass murder;

Factory farming—interspecies torture, antibiotics redundancy...

The normalisation of organised sexual violence probably leads directly to the normalisation of *all sorts* of violence, sexual or otherwise. This is just speculation, it's hard for us to tell; but then, what sort of empirical evidence would we need to collect to justify the claim? Essentially, we can err on the side of caution, which is what your mum would tell you to do. Otherwise, we can just power on as usual and throw caution to the wind—as our profiteers encourage us to do. Of course, our profiteers have more money than our mums, so they can afford to make up our minds.

Industries making a mozza out of various deadly projects will by vocation deny any connection to genuine harm, even when the links are as obvious as a bullet is to the trigger. When independent scientists ring alarm bells, false scientists chew the cud of big business and crap out alternative findings, casting the shadow of doubt necessary for business to proceed as usual. Until the last tree is felled, the last dollar is turned into the soil, and people finally come to understand that you can't eat a Big Mac truck...there will be denial.

Still, there are links.

The volume of violent educational material accessible to someone like Ted Bundy—was but a grain of sand compared to the free for all, 24/7 tourist strips we've got today, displaying copious variations of disposable female beach-balls. Not pretty. Wrong Way. Go Back. How well do we understand the multiplex nature of causality? There are patterns emerging.

We have seen throughout history that the dehumanisation of chosen groups of people can lead to terrible atrocities committed against those people, or even *by* those people, when the right conditions for atrocity present themselves.

We have also observed on Monkey Hill, how externally imposed social structures, confinement and overpopulation (lack of freedom); led to abnormal and disturbing levels of brutality and sexual violence amongst primates.

We know that media has enormous power to influence attitudes, which is why companies spend billions of dollars annually; exploiting media in order to manipulate us into wanting things we didn't want before.

We know that people who are poor are more vulnerable to exploitation.

We know that the poor are getting poorer. We know that this is directly relational to an increase in power by those at the top, who show no signs of reciprocal altruism or leadership. We can assume that our current system will not challenge itself from the top down, in order to achieve greater health and happiness of the masses. Rather we can assume, that the masses are seen from the top as an objectified workforce which can be exponentially exploited to make more dollars.

We know that the poorest are women, especially mothers, given that their primary role as servants is not offset by an income. We know that poverty can work as a trap for women, who are then more vulnerable to being lured/tricked/bullied/coerced/kidnapped into prostitution. Rather than blushing about the sex implied, we could be more concerned with the thuggery and social engineering. Under safe enough conditions, sex and work aren't the problem. Allowing self interested parties to strategically collaborate in forcing people to work—and allowing them to be abused for profits—that's a common concern.

We know that above 90% of top viewed porn contains violence against women. In 2004 the homicide rate for female prostitutes in the United States was estimated to be 204 per 100,000, making sex work by far the deadliest profession. Whether anyone speculates that art is imitating culture, vice versa, or that the two are not mutually exclusive—we *know* that the level of violence is escalating. While porn objectifies both men and women, the ordinary sadism in popular porn specifically normalises language and actions designed to inflict pain on women. This abusive characteristic would be patently bigoted if we were dealing with a black and white issue; but we're not. We're dealing with what we *think* is a male versus female issue.

* * *

As people become poorer, the more they are steered or forced to sell their lives by the hour as working objects. As women become poorer, the more they are steered or forced into selling themselves by the hour as sexual objects. Given the culture of violence against women in pornography and prostitution, the scale of violence occurring against women in sex entertainment will increase, so long as the increase of workers. Coincidentally, the more workers, the more potential for making endlessly varied porn, which serves as a form of predictive programming; marketing sexual violence to ordinary people. The more sexual violence against women is marketed to ordinary men, the more commonplace it is to view women's parts as temporary disposable commodities, the more socially acceptable this view becomes. The more ordinary the commodification of sex and consumption of women seems, the more ordinary men become Johns. The more

ordinary Johns, the more **demand** is created. Supply (of women) is fueled by demand (of men). Trend and demand is fueled by propaganda. This neat little feedback loop is tended to by profiteers, economists and other policy makers. When sex workers are moved above ground and out of the black market; all of this industry will reflect beautifully in the Gross Domestic Product. Mean while, free sex between happy willing adults is worth nothing on this index. When sex workers are forced back underground, children will still need to be fed. As the prison system vacuums up their working mothers, will enough people notice or will we be too busy shagging computers?

*

* * *

MUM'S THE WORD

Approximately 1 in 5 Western families are managed by one person, typically a woman. Sole parented families are becoming a growing cultural tradition and with the no checks in sight, the demographic is set to keep expanding.

As people become more poor; lacking access to good education and contraceptive choices;

As people work longer and have less time for each other;

As more relationships and nuclear families break down;

As sole parents have less financial/time options to find, bond and group with other support people;

And while more young men are not conscientiously socialised to be *safe and responsible* lovers and fathers;

And more dads are sent to prison;

Or otherwise, are scrapped on the road, become addicts, expire at work or war, kill themselves (as they are prone to); etc:

The more single mothers we will have.

As profiteers demand more money for real estate, the more the cost of living increases. With wages as they are, the more the cost of living increases; the closer to impossible it becomes for sole parents to fulfil both of the following full-time roles:

- 1) Nurture and clean up after young humans (unpaid caregiver);
- 2) Earn sufficient funds to *pay* for young humans (underpaid breadwinner).

Anyone who's been forced to do the maths knows there are only 24 hours in a day, and can spot an automatic fail system when they see one. The more our governments dismantle social safety nets which are meant to counteract this fail system—the more we will have sole parents who cannot earn enough money outside the home to provide adequate care and funding to children, despite working around the clock. The more children are growing up in poverty; the more teenagers become available as cheap work fodder, the more daughters become enchanted by the incentives for sexploitation (meanwhile, the more boys and girls also become prison fodder, given that the symptoms of poverty are often illegal).

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The more impossible it becomes for growing numbers of sole parents to adequately provide for children, the

more prostitution presents itself to many mums as the only clear and available option to both nurture *and pay* to nurture children.

When investment bankers and government enact economic policies which force ever more financially insecure mothers to suck for survival (and we go along with them), *we have to start asking some tough questions about ourselves*. When prostitution is the only option, choice becomes an illusion. Sex trafficking becomes a reality.

When we organise ourselves in ways which cause children to emerge as ideal leverage for human traffickers, it's time to pop the big question: "What the fuck?" before we go and make any new traditions.

In her paper, Bankrupt Children, U.S. Senator Elizabeth Warren suggests spreading the cost of rearing young humans amongst the wider population. Society is not ready or willing to have this conversation, especially not online. While we (barely) tolerate lip service to equality, we are engineering dangerously unequal conditions for what we are treating as two very separate genders. In framing these considerations as a binary—male versus female issue; male as victor—we fail to identify the ways in which all of this is hurting men, as we continue to ignore the ways we are hurting women and children. Absent any meaningful, progressive discussion of these dynamics, patterns emerge in our sacred blind spot:

The more mothers are forced into poverty → the greater the supply of prostitutes → the more profits the sex industry makes → the bigger it grows → the more women it consumes → the more money it can get from the men.

The more people work → the less time they have to seduce and bond with lovers → the more buying sex seems like a favourable option → the more they buy sex → the more money they need → the more they need to work.

The bigger the sex industry grows, unchecked, the more a specific type of programming proliferates, and it is *that* programming that I want to get to the heart of here. With utmost zeal, Crack PoRn deliberately and rigorously promotes the physical and sexual destruction of fellow humans, specifically women → the more this type of thinking is normalised.

Where does it all go? According to psychologist Cornelia Fine's meta-analysis(See; Delusions of Gender)—it just sinks in. When the information from all around us seeps through our mental filters to reach our subconscious, it just lurks there, becoming part of our implicit belief systems. Our implicit beliefs prime our thoughts and actions. Learning to think critically may assist us to *analyze* social dynamics, but it won't guard us from all the things that sink in and lurk, or there would be no anorexic feminists. Interestingly, the more that a person believes themselves to be politically correct and unprejudiced, the deeper their implicit biases tend to lie. We are all brought up in an imbalanced culture, and we are all deeply imbalanced.

* * *

While ostensibly, we do not *think* that we believe one group is more worthy of basic human rights than another, we unconsciously show another face. We have demonstrated by the way we have organised our economy—that a man's access to assisted masturbation is of more value to our society, than a sex worker's right to be home with her children. We have demonstrated that for first world mothers to feed their children,

a growing number will have to suck a bag of cocks for the privilege (and the bag will have to come from somewhere).

The Internet has been lorded as the place where, at last, the world's varied people can communicate in a never before seen cornucopia of democratic speech. In reality however, many Internet forums are dominated by financially capable males, who are typically on the receiving end of porn. Quite naturally, with all the jism going back and forth, a fair measure of confirmation bias supporting 'fast porn culture' as a 'blanket good thing' emerges.

Considerations of how the culture surrounding fast porn may affect *women*, are mostly left out of the picture. Trying to paint women into the picture can ignite the angry people of the internet against a sucker. Cautionary voices, however well researched, are too often censored in a flood of thought terminating clichés and down-votes. Stubborn intellectuals are easily dismissed as hysterical feminists, or feminist apologists. And so, online, a general social consensus has emerged, that whatever comes out of the sex entertainment industry, especially porn, must be a fair and great measure of the freedom of movement for pornographers and consumers, a victory for modern man's member.

In reaching a consensus that "Fast Porn is Super Great" before we check in with any of the diverse range of women affected by it, we are arguably demonstrating that in many cases—female humans are viewed *first* as objects for the purpose of sale, distribution (and ejaculation), *before* they are recognised as equal civic members worth equal value and consideration to our society. This secondary classification is rendered null and void by the order of priorities.

By agreeing that "Fast Porn is Super Great" before checking in on any of the available research as to how it might actually be affecting *men*, we are possibly demonstrating that we've lost our minds—in an effort to kindly empty our wallets for organised sexual vultures, who stand on the edge of our desire, convincing us to step this way. *That's right. Right up to the box. Now cum on the dotted line.*

* * *

SEXY VIOLENT CHILDREN

Phillip Zimbardo gives us a compelling glimpse into the psychology of evil, through his orchestration of the Stanford Prison experiments, and his later examination of the conditions arising from within Abu Ghraib. Zimbardo's research suggests that *any* person is capable of evil or heroism, depending on how they (are trained or not to) respond to certain situational forces. Situational forces are one of the greatest determinants in our lives, and can be seen simplistically as the barrel we float around in. Our implicit beliefs help glue the barrel together and will prime how we respond to circumstances. Whereas social science usually tends to focus on apples and barrels, Zimbardo asks us to consider the barrel *makers*. While there are certain institutions with immense power to influence the way our barrel turns out—we each have power to influence the implicit beliefs which go into shaping it. Each of us also have the incredible power to identify evil, and act with heroism, if we choose.

Zimbardo identifies evil as having these given characteristics:

The exercise of power to intentionally:

- *Harm (psychologically);*
- *Hurt (physically) and/or;*
- *Destroy mortally and;*
- *Commit crimes against humanity.*

Refusal to consider whether or not any part of the above list reads like an action script for your typical hardcore porno may be the first warning sign.

Zimbardo has coined the term “The Lucifer Effect”, to describe:

Seven social processes that grease the slippery slope of evil:

- *Mindlessly taking the first small step;*
- *Dehumanisation of others;*
- *De-individuation of self (anonymity);*
- *Diffusion of personal responsibility;*
- *Blind obedience to authority;*
- *Uncritical conformity to group norms;*
- *Passive tolerance of evil, through inaction or indifference.*

Failure to recognise sexual abuse, degradation and battery; when we are staring mindlessly at the footage; or *recognising* it but failing to give a shit; viewing the girls of porn as somehow less deserving of basic human dignity and compassion; points ominously towards the process of dehumanization. Passive tolerance through inaction or indifference towards the trafficking of mums, girls and others; suggests that it's not just the girls of porn who've been dehumanized. Avoidance of critically examining whether or not our average, anonymous, undiscerning viewer of hardporn fits into the aforementioned social processes somewhere; could indicate that we're already on the slippery slope. Stubborn indignation and intolerance towards the question; whether or not we are sliding, is a good indication that we probably are. Just going along with it all; may imply a failure to recognise the predicament modern men are in. All of this together; may imply the Lucifer Effect in action.

As Louis CK once famously said, “Weeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!!!!!!”

Indulge the writer in an anecdote, dear reader. My father grew up in Zimbabwe, which was then Rhodesia, and in the grips of civil war. Whites were busy killing blacks, blacks were killing whites, and each other. My grandmother was a little concerned about this. She asked one of her Zulu servants, if he would ever kill her. He kindly explained something to the effect of, “No ma'am. I would kill next-door's mistress. And next-door's servants would kill you.”

This story always stuck with me, and I struggle to shrug off the parallels between this conversation, and the

attitudes typical blokes seem to harbour about the girls of porn. No good man wants to see his loved ones brutalised on screen, but he's happy to see someone else's loved ones brutalised, and someone else will be happy to see his. Happy is probably the wrong word for it.

How will these attitudes affect our trajectory as humans? What will our attitudes intersect with?

* * *

THE BARREL

I'm picturing exploding populations and people who are stuck in living arrangements instructed by limited finances, which is most of us. Our freedom to move will thus be severely limited, so we will have to stay where we are and festoon. We'll be moving around as ordered by final notices, rather than as we deem the most intelligent next steps from the front lines; centrally dictated to by people far from the front lines; most of them won't give a fuck about the front lines. We will not, as we would like to complain, be governed by any democratic, nationalistic governments. We will be governed precisely as the laws of physics, nature and economics permit. While we cannot change the laws of physics, we sure as hell can change the laws of economics, and we must never forget that.

So we're overcrowded, as outlined by nature. We're unable to move freely internally, as outlined by our economic policies. We cannot cross borders, as demonstrated by our confusion and fear of each other. We're stuck.

Something happens. The economy bottoms out and there's no food, or everybody gets a flu which never goes away, or a fire/tornado/earthquake/flood/tsunami sweeps through town. Maybe a combo deal.

People are pissed off. They know they've been had. They're over it. They're looking for someone to blame. They are not in a sound frame of mind.

Maybe they try to take it out on 'the government', which was really just another body for policing them on behalf of neo-conquerors. The people are all like, "Fuck you, government!" and the government is left with no obvious option, but to get its guns out. Everybody is kept busy duking it out amongst themselves.

Okay, so a period of great instability. Shucks, let's not be shy about this—the above reads like a typical daily overview of current global events. It's all *already* happening. *We know this*. So what will we be like when these scenarios have been compounding and building upon us for a while? Down the track, when there's more of us, a little too many of us, stuck like a bunch of baboons out on monkey hill?

What influence will our implicit belief systems have on how that turns out? What *are* our implicit beliefs? What implicit beliefs are we building now? When we make violence against a particular group seem ordinary and inevitable, in this case, sexy—where does that sink in? How are we shaping the collective subconscious of people in the future? Modern history is tormented with some horrendous examples of where we might look, to begin answering these questions. None of us has all the answers, but we can each see the patterns forming if we are taught to think in systems, critically *and* compassionately. If we learn from history, we *can* make educated guesses, fortunately.

Indeed never in history have we seen such sophisticated and wide spread efforts to dehumanise a group of people; as whatever we're co-creating *right now*. I'm deeply concerned of where this dehumanisation—and our failure to identify it—can lead to. ***What are we taking the first mindless steps towards?*** How will any of this mesh with the media vilification of 'other' cultures (and the desperate reactionaries amongst them?) Where is China in any of this? Do any of us actually have a comprehensive overview of what's going on here?

While we are not in the most stable position, ecologically, socially, or economically—we should be careful not to foment violent ideologies. I'm airing this out in the open in the hopes that whatever is festering in the dark can be brought to the surface and expunged by the light, a bit like mould...

We are co-creating an industry of scale that primarily deals in violence against women, and has evolved into a propaganda machine for itself. The delivery mechanisms for this propaganda machine only emerged 20 years ago with the advent of the Internet. *It's just a baby.* What will it be when it grows up?

Have you ever had a bad feeling about something?

Could we accidentally put women and children in concentration camps and pay to fuck them, without realising that's what we are doing?

Oops, we did it again.

Could we accidentally incubate something like another Rwanda, maybe with a Rape of Nanking twist, coming to a street near you?

We're sitting on some pretty diabolical conditions.

I want to talk to you about: **What scale? What next?** Where can we intercept it?

Isn't it just easier to watch porn than think about all this terrifying stuff? Step away from the dotted line! We don't need more wankers. We need heroes.

What do we want?

Heroes!

When do we want 'em?

Right after this next video.

Deadly Ghouls Riding Bareback

Long is the way, and hard, that out of Hell leads up to light.”

- Milton, Paradise Lost

“If you don’t know that slavery exists, then how can you feel bad about it?”

- Matt Friedman

Not everybody who is trafficked is sold for sex. Many are harvested for labour and additionally organs. All are captured for money; twenty one million slaves and counting.

Geographically, the victims of human trafficking are from practically everywhere. Politically, they reign from all corners of our globalised economy—they are the subjugates of War. Poverty. Famine. Pestilence.

Where in hell did the four horsemen ride in from?

One can point to so many factors really, so many as to become confused, but the common denominator—whatever the method of extraction—is money...or what should more accurately be described as debt. Billions of hearts across this planet are raging against it.

Where did the debt come from? Our minds actually—ideology is one word for it—but now it is on the outside of us, and it is has solidified into real events. It’s scary so we’d rather not think about it. But failing to think will not stop what’s coming, as if a rabbit who freezes in an oncoming headlight stands a chance.

One way to stop the four horses, before they get any closer, would be to painstakingly track down every single flesh unit who would enforce outrageous debt, and kill them. Another way is to offer them amnesty and rehabilitation. A third practical solution is to unthink the whole mess. There are options.

Hopefully by now readers are starting to see a pattern emerge. I promise I am not just here to show you the frightful things. I believe in redemption.

*They appeared on my little ponies; a quadrant; deadly ghouls riding bareback.
Packaged in candy, breaking down families, they snatched children out of houses and
stole little girls into the night.*

Honestly, the world’s not fucked, it’s gorgeous. There are still plenty of good things that deserve our protection. You are one of them.

The opposition slid down on a misted rainbow, gathering in dark plumes, thunder in their countenance and lightning conviction...their tummies glowed...positive and negative ions darted back and forth in a timeless agreement—a pulsing back towards balance, away from madness. It started to rain and then it poured.

A monsoon.

Deal or No Deal

Slaves. Profits.

Cunning as foxes,

In a hen house.

Sweet deal.

There's a ruse going on. It's part of what makes the plot so exciting, fascinating, creepy.

And the ruse is not so elaborate. It's simple:

Flash a light in their faces while you round them up for labour. Keep them distracted while you steal the land out from underneath them. Justify the acquisition in a foreign dialect. Take by stealth, not siege, capture the people intact and have them do your work. Sabotage those who resist, kill 'em if you have to.

It's in the killing where things get really interesting.

"The terrible thing that the Party had done was to persuade you that mere impulses, mere feelings, were of no account, while at the same time robbing you of all power over the material world."

- George Orwell, 1984

"When you close your heart, then you close your mind."

- Michael Jackson, Man in the Mirror

Let's not give anyone credit they don't deserve. You can't give it all to the guys in the boardroom. But you *can* bet your bottom dollar that there *are* boardrooms inhabited by obscenely wealthy collectives who play the wacky game of planning grand destinies for us all. Deluded as they may be; they have the best analysts money can buy, pinpointing, isolating and exacerbating our weaknesses—projecting them into the future, using them to pin us to the butcher board. They may not have created this turbulent state that we have arrived in (we did all the work), but they are most certainly diabolically clever in maintaining, fuelling and plotting elements within our demise. Yes they have conspired against the many. It's not personal; they're doing it for the money. Perhaps we all would do the same in the same situation. But we're not.

Money is turf and most people don't have any. We've allowed it to be syphoned off dollar by dollar, inch by inch, and now it's gone.

There are very few free spaces left, absent any doublethink. This is analogous with very little freedom. Almost everything comes under deed and title. You can't sleep if you don't own the land beneath you, unless

you're paying. We labour as individuals to produce offerings to the banks and landowners, in exchange for permission to live in territories which do not belong to us. Failure to produce offerings will result in eviction from our borrowed territory. Failure to comply with eviction will result in weaponised extraction and incarceration. The best we can do is come up with our offerings.

Our territories do not belong to us, and whatever game is being played on top of them is not of our design. We simply go along with it all in the hopes that we can stay safe and live. But many can't stay safe, because there is no safe place for them to be. Industrialised human trafficking is one such example. It is the exploitation of an ecological niche, perhaps cultivating itself within the near on complete disenfranchisement of the masses. It is in the homogenisation of landscapes. It is in the lack of alternatives.

How did we let everything slip out of our hands, and how can we get it back?

Our governments no longer belong to us, because we can't afford to influence them...the money elite have been more than willing to subsidise funding/influence—implanting whoever they choose; openly knocking off any elected members of parliament who mistakenly think they have a job to represent the common good of people. Local councils can just shut their pie holes as far as corporate planning is concerned. You don't want high rises? Have some high rises. You don't want uniformed gunmen patrolling your trains? Here's gunmen. Worried about your kids stabbing people? There are companies already taking care of building more places to lock them up. Every critical issue is another money making opportunity so long the problems stay chronic. And that is the point.

We have managed to get here precisely by ignoring our emotions—those perfectly tuned environmental indicators that have been screaming at us all along: Wrong way, go back. Understandably, because the robber barrens have wasted no time co-opting science, as they did religion—in order to induce us to understand that our feelings are feeble—inducing us to ignore and drug them.

Feelings have no credible traction, only the scientific method may permeate our wisdom, and then—only once it has been bastardised by corporate self interest. Peer reviewed emotion doesn't mean shit, nor the logic and reason it took to get you there. It doesn't matter what you feel if you can't buy the qualifications to feel it. It doesn't even matter what your science says if it isn't paid for by the companies who orchestrate the results.

* * *

'Globalisation' has emerged as an ideological destiny, where all creatures shall come under the one physical territory, dictated by economic policy, guarded by lunatics. Many obscenely wealthy lunatics no doubt suffer delusions of grandeur—if you want to have a profound effect on the world, destruction is the quickest route, and plenty of people will pay you. It takes so much more thought, care and effort to do something beautiful. Our corporate dictators are not friendly—liberated as they are from any sense of guilt or empathy—they are genuine psychopaths. They have created a psychopathic system in their image, which pays itself to destroy things—so it should be no surprise then that good things are being ruined.

We have monetised destruction, and critically failed to effectively monetise creation. Our systems produce money so that a person can chop down a tree but not to protect it. Our systems produce the funds to pay a person to rape a child but not to parent him. A person has no soil upon which to protect children and trees, but they are welcome to the temporary illusion, so long as they continue to provide their offerings.

Any persons volunteering outside of our corrupt money systems are by that very virtue—denied territory. Without wages, any who gain territory will have to do so with social capital, and by creating autonomous communities in which to float that capital...seizing land upon which to exist. Autonomous communities are not welcome in the territory, seeking as they do, self governance. These communities are easily monitored and dispatched of by intelligence agencies. Those that remain are in the process of being dismantled. Others are in the process of putting themselves together, because liberty is an idea, and ideas never die.

People must come to understand that no central leadership is actually protecting them—in fact those who they have elected to lead and protect them, are funnelling them into profit. The borders have all shifted and we are no longer dealing with criminal networks hiding behind countries and flags, but criminal networks hiding behind companies and logos. Our media, courts, police, armies, intelligence agencies and government have all been co-opted as enforcers.

There is no room for civic representation in the new deal. In the new territory, the civic majority is overtly irrelevant—except as a working colony. The work is of utmost importance. Nothing else matters. Whatever the work is, it doesn't matter. Just so long as people are doing it and giving up their offerings. The spectacularly inane is rigorously promoted as a substitute for civil responsibility.

We are the sum total of all the numbers we have laboured to produce, we are the lonely remainder of the scant few numbers having thus far escaped their inevitable theft and relocation into off shore tax havens. They are the last numbers standing.

The accumulative effect of all this work is the literal meltdown of all the natural systems upon which we depend for survival. Climate instability is only the beginning. Our leaders have no intention to get us out of here. They are not leading us at all. They are insane, or they're just trying to stay safe and fed, like the rest of us, just going along with it.

People will first come to grips with the necessity to lead and protect themselves, before they embark on an intrepid yet essential journey towards social sanity and independence. They will allow themselves to feel and they will feel shit, and then they will do something about it.

Any centralised uprising could swiftly deliver us into fascism, so it's not highly recommended. When we refuse to subjugate ourselves, those who have the weapons will make it clear for us that we have already completed the job. The services for imprisoning ourselves are no longer needed—the fences are erect. We'll have to leave the way we came and we didn't get here overnight. It's going to take time.

How did we get here? Deals. Zillions and zillions of deals. How will we get out? Deals. Better deals.

Start now. Let every deal you make—count. Let every deal take yourself and someone else one step closer to dignity. Whether that means putting \$75 into Grameen Bank instead of using it to pay for dark sex—do it. Whether it means claiming at least the territory of your own bed—refrain from sticking the tyranny in—make love! Whether it means going into the brothel to get your girlfriend out and having your head beaten in with an iron bar. Whatever it takes.

Whether it's caring for chickens and getting to know them, sharing eggs. Whether it's blowing up TVs or

choosing a search engine that doesn't leave cookies. If it's annexing and cultivating land, or harvesting your own electricity... Whether it's teaching your daughters and sons self defence, if it's teaching children what heroes are, whatever it is—do it. Use your imagination. Centre your imagination in honour. Start now. Create safer spaces around you. Set out on a hero's path in pursuit of freedom. Trust that you will influence others to make better transactions.

Zillions and zillions of transactions.

New Religion

“There is no point trying to solve a problem with the same system of thinking which created it.”

- Einstein.

“We can and we’ve got to do better than this.”

- Dr. Seuss

The look of love in crack porn, is of degradation, of spiritual and physical agony, transmuted into piercing hatred. This hatred is the last sanctuary of the sovereign soul, until it is destroyed, or by some miracle escapes. Those lusty eyes.

Once upon a time it was of course very, very naughty to have sex out of wedlock, and sensibly so. Centuries of division had delivered us into the nuclear family construct, the smallest possible breeding unit. The long working man. The domestic servant. The kids—the endless production of workers. This didn’t leave much community to catch surprise babies. For our mums’ mums, a bun in the oven without a ring on the finger meant a trip to a fat farm and a stolen baby. They don’t call it that. Guilt and shame were to act as prime deterrent. Sex out of wedlock was sin. Thus the fruits of the loins did not fall as freely, in the gardens for Jesus.

Then came prophylactics and everything changed. Consequences were over. Women suddenly had more control. The pill delivered us into a new age. LSD and a brief, nude, ‘peace time’ freak out by the kids gave us a kaleidoscopic glimpse of possibilities, when suddenly—porn, cocaine and ‘economic expansionism’ dropped us off into the seventies. All sensible bets were off.

Liberation was brief. The idea of it sequestered and repackaged as liberation from guilt. This coincided with the liberation from guilt for swarms of people as they entered the corporate paradigm. As the working class minions of big time CEOs began erecting endless sky scrapers—sex entertainment industrialised with the same lack of restraint. The sensual people were free from guilt; to do whatever they wanted—or as otherwise instructed—without caring. This was a trick of course. Fantastically deployed through mass media. An easy ruse to distract the giant blob of humans while the little blob stole everything out from underneath them.

JUNKY ECONOMY

None of the mayhem would be going to plan, if we masses consciously had a plan, but we don’t. We have accepted a default plan—which is to increase our productivity, so that this can reflect positively in a magical group of numbers we fanatically refer to as our Gross Domestic Product. It’s not a bright plan, but it’s the only one we’ve got. *“Make the numbers get bigger.”* That’s right where we put all our collective faith—in the

numbers. Forgive me for being a bit brash, but what the flying fuck? *Seriously* people? And people are still getting hassled for believing in sky daddies?

We actually *believe* in the economy, like it's real. We've been indoctrinated to give over our lives to serve it. We tolerate outrageous death tolls in it's name. We abide by economic decrees as though they were sacrosanct scripture, although the scripture is not based on science, or on being nice to each other—it's just something humans made up. Can we all stop right here and realise that we've accidentally devolved into a bunch of religious whack-jobs who worship the economy and pray to numbers? Can we all just stop and look each other in the eyes, have a little chuckle, and call it a fucking day?

Because, this religion is bullshit; it hurts too many people; fucks on natural systems so hard; everybody's depressed; it's not worth it.

We *know* it can get worse. We *know* how ugly it can get. But do we know, that each of us has the ultimate power, of making up our own minds, if only we are bold enough to peer beyond The Church? Do we know that we can shed this religion simply by changing our minds? Do we *know* that we don't need this religion in order to have space travel or jobs or sex?

The GDP is a set of letters symbolising a bunch of numbers. For the last several decades, all these numbers have really symbolised is a transfer of wealth from the poorest to the richest; and all *that* meaningfully symbolises is that some of us, very few of us, are lording it over everybody else. WTF?! It's all right there in the numbers. Get those fuckers some rehabilitation and be done with it.

Striving to maximise productivity with the overarching intention to raise the GDP, is only a good thing, if what you're doing is a good thing.* When what we've been doing has been getting us into deep shit, doing more of that same thing is not going to improve the situation. Striving to *increase* the scale of the problematic action is only going to increase the scale of the dilemma. Logically we know that, but the addict in us doesn't want to let go.

We can, but we shouldn't flog this beast any harder.

* What is a good thing can be judged by how it impacts on the health and happiness of all living things, including humans. If there's something we've learned about ourselves in the last thirty years, it's that we've accidentally triggered an extinction spasm. What hasn't sunk in yet, is that we've actually committed colossal interspecies genocides. We're only just realising that we've accidentally destabilised our climate—what hasn't sunk in is that all of these things are connected, and the party is almost over. In terms of damage inflicted we are the biggest fuck-ups in recorded history. I don't know what **good** is, but I'm pretty sure whatever we're doing here, *isn't it*. And we shouldn't be doing more of it.

We must not humour the fanatical obsession our elected zealots have with raising the GDP. When our elected representatives tell us that we must sacrifice good things on behalf of the very important numbers, that we must plunge more first world mothers and children into poverty so that we can have a budget surplus; or that it benefits us if mothers are poor because that will just encourage them to “work harder”; or that we must force elderly into labour so that we can increase our GDP; or that we must give up our penalty pays and holidays, work longer for less, give our whole lives over for the purpose of raising the GDP—we must remind them that *religion has no place in parliament*.

We **know** this religion has not worked out well for third world countries, and it does not bode well for us.

We cannot tolerate a lack of leadership in our elected representatives, right now, when we're in all sorts of strife. We cannot allow them to keep worshipping, and we're silly if we keep following as unquestioning disciples. We must expect more of ourselves. Our government are not our bosses, they are our civil servants. If they are not serving us, they are not doing their job. If their motives are driven by economic scripture; if they require of us all that we obey the scripture; if they behave as bishops; middle men between us and our overlords—we should thank them very nicely for all their efforts, and get them some rehabilitation too.

Fuck it, we could even make up a new church. No more of this 'economic expansionism' idea. It's junky levels of stupid. We can smash through with some of that Kenesyen shit, while we re-localise some of our stuff and remember how to swap things without the God-Money. There are a lot of things we could try out. But this—no more of this. No.

We could base our fun new cult on the laws of physics and nature—with a pinch here and there from all the religious teachings which happen to be compatible with science and general decency. Pick and choose all the nice bits and chuck out the fire breathing brimstone ritual sacrifice stuff. I know, it sounds fun, but we've tried it, and it's not.

Just quickly, whatever wacky new ideology we subscribe to next, we'd do best to take care of one crucial detail which is typically remiss. The problem isn't necessarily that spiritualism, socialism, communism, democracy or even capitalism doesn't work—our problem is we've actually never seen a working model of any of these systems in action. What we have witnessed, time and time again, is that those at the top inevitably seem to take too much power for themselves, ruining things for everybody else. Given that social animals tend towards ordering themselves into hierarchies, we would be very smart to figure out how to do hierarchies properly.

Yes we *can* engineer a system whereby communication and funding flows in all directions throughout the pyramid. Yes we *can* induce the people at the top to understand that they are there to serve those at the bottom, not the inverse. Yes they *can* be held to direct accountability and transparency. Failing transparency and accountability *can* result in automatic termination of offending positions and subsequent repatriation to the bottom ranks. It seems obvious the people at the top would take a lot better care of those at the bottom if they were, at any given time, just a step away from joining them. Figure out how to keep power in check, *without* going all Pol Pot, and we just might be champions of the species. Overlook the patterns, and human history will probably stutter on repeat 'til expiration, no matter what grand destiny we happen to subscribe to for our upcoming ideologies.

That aside, I've been thinking about how we could colour our next religion. This is not prescriptive, I'm just tossing about some possibilities I reckon would change things a lot around here. I know the reader probably has many more great ideas.

Here's two:

- 1) Grant all people who work/contribute meaningfully to collective health, wealth and well being, regardless of gender/race/class/status—the right to be recognised and valued for that work. Living wages (or material equivalent) and workers rights for *all*. Primary caregivers and children *included*.

See how *that* changes the dynamic. Yeah that's right, recruitment just became a lot more problematic for traffickers and other profiteers.

And just for good measure:

2) Grant ourselves the basic human right to shelter. A moratorium on mortgage/rent profiteering.

Imagine we didn't police each other to spend our whole lives labouring to pay people we will likely never meet, for houses we will likely never own. Imagine your own home. *What will we do with all our free time?*

Will we fuck? Philosophise? Build spaceships?

Rams to the Slaughter

Somewhere off in the symbol which was formerly known as the Cayman Islands, a community of obese numbers are anonymously farting together as they put on weight. Every person alive can smell the deadly pathogens as they are released into karmic airways.

Individual people wonder if the great big stinky smell is coming from themselves, and adjust deodorant brands, but nothing changes. Many three dimensional bipeds subconsciously felt that switching brands might make them feel happy, like the two dimensional bipeds they had seen in the ads, who's carefree cleanliness was eternally youthful.

What the flesh humans didn't know, was that the people in the ads were zombies—so they went through life always wondering if they were imitating the wrong things, which was strange, because the answer to that was right there in their hearts, all along. The confusion was in why any one had to wonder at all.

“There will be in the next generation or so a pharmacological method of making people love their servitude and producing dictatorship without tears, so to speak, producing a kind of painless concentration camp for entire societies so that people will in fact have their liberties taken away from them but will rather enjoy it.”

- Aldous Huxley

“May the trees stay green and the stars white, and may there always be people who can look each other in the eye without shame; because life is short, and the stars of the other place, dark.”

- Breyten Breytenbach

It's not easy to think of all the guys I grew up believing in so much, with such symphonic spirit, because I was naive and innocent. We dreamed of revolutions, of revealing and overturning oppressive power structures...and then I'd like to say the boys turned a blind eye, but they didn't...they looked right at it, the carnage, and a lot of them got their dicks out.

The target is undeniably female. They are for sale everywhere.

With a brain which could only be the size of a walnut if it really is in his penis—he's apparently a fuck machine, a cave rapist, a sadist, she's been force fucked into spiritual oblivion. He's a thing. She's nothing.

Surely this doesn't build morale for anyone, but it can stimulate you to cum—and it certainly can make pimps rich.

“First you get the women, then you get the money, then you get the power.”

Though I think women on Earth must often, by sheer necessity, be formidably more courageous and stoic than men (no offence) to survive our children to usher the human race...though I know women work more, are poor more, are apparently flogged more—I cannot fathom how any of this treachery benefits your average male civilian, who is only one rung up the ladder from the bottom of the labour pool, standing on the woman beneath him, and wherever possible—cumming on her face. *Or so the story goes.*

Maybe he's planning their escape.

Women survive, apes mate, children are born, male and female.
Put to work, cradle to grave, slaughtered at the market place.

* * *

Let me tell you something with my own heart.

You cannot believe how precious your penis was to your mother, how precious your vagina, how precious your first breasts were to you. You cannot remember this any more, which is a shame, for this is sacred knowledge.

If you are old enough to read and comprehend this, your mother may seem old and broken to you; and perhaps she is to so many myriad of pieces, in all of the ways that she sheltered you from knowing that she has suffered, as women suffer. I suspect mothers block out their suffering so they can get through the day—and give children a shot at happiness, in imagining the world as a benevolent place.(As do so many dedicated fathers, uncles, grandparents and aunties, sisters and brothers.)

A blank canvas opens up between the pragmatic amnesia your mother adopted to get you through the days of your infancy and the natural amnesia you have of your first years (which you forget by now, because it was such a long time ago and you hadn't learned to contextualise your memories yet). Propaganda uses this gulf of amnesia as a bed to begin implanting false memory, to herd you away from family, to fill you with so much more bullshit than your mother ever could feed you...

Boys, it lures you away with stories of adventure, promises of wealth, all the mutilated sex you could want, a world where you can live without consequences...but what it slaps you with is a nine to five which is really seven to nine with unpaid overtime and peak hour travel there and back home.

'Home', is essentially a box full of things, for the charmed ones. One works to pay for the box, the things in the box, and essentially the water that comes out of the box and the food you can put in the box. Also for electricity to preserve the food, and to neutralize the vice grip of deadly sub zero temperatures, with the flick of a handy switch. Shelter is a need. Things are a distraction.

You have no human right to a box.

Without the box you are dead, ergo if you are not of a lineage born into home ownership; without a paid job are as good as dead (unless you are cunning). Jobs have no major beneficial consequences for the average person, except a shot at survival, while on the other end of the apex in a faraway land, is an anonymous man with a thousand houses whom you have helped to make very rich.

“Normal people don’t buy houses. They rent the cheapest shithole they can find because a house is just a place to keep the rain off of you. And normal people don’t get cushy jobs that they enjoy. They work ball-crushing, exhausting labor for shitty pay and no benefits because that’s just what people do.”

- John Cheese

You are encouraged to see yourself as an individual, so that you may understand that you are indeed powerless, and have very little effect. Rather, if you forget about how much your job sucks for a moment, and stand back and see yourself as part of a collective—you are actually standing in a slave plantation, which we are all very politely policing on behalf of the hundred thousand owners. When viewed collectively, when you connect your (reluctant) work to the (reluctant) work everybody else does...that work *does* count—make no mistake—it makes some people extremely rich, while it completely and utterly compromises everything around us that we need to survive, in terms of breathable air, drinkable water, edible food, lovable love, security of shelter, antibiotics, accessible oil, bees, morale; everything must go. There is a limit as to how far we can take this trajectory. Remember, only rich people will get the tickets to outta space when it’s time to evacuate. *Scratch that; Attractive peasants apply now for a one way ticket to Mars. Could *you* be the first alien to die on reality TV?

* * *

Yor penis. Your mum loved it.

Your mum’s girlfriends loved it. They loved it in a way that you are such a precious thing. And it, such a gorgeous part of your gorgeous body. Unless you’ve grown up hideously scarred, your mother really took care of your penis. Let me put it this way: Unless your mother was broken, your penis spent the first couple of years of its life being handled several times a day by a beautiful woman who absolutely and utterly adored you, and adored your penis. The energy that was put into your penis was shamanic.

Let me tell you something about boys and girls. Little boys love little girls. Your affection for them is heavenly—your discrimination against them unimagined, not yet learned. You love them so fully and sweetly it defies words, and they love you back with the same reckless abandonment. You adore and honour each other without knowing the words. You are blissfully happy together, naked or otherwise.

You are not sexists by nature, nor pigs, nor perpetrators. Despite what mainstream pornography and pop media culture may have taught you, you are not biologically designed to turn into perpetrators of sexual injustice at the acute onset of adulthood. Nor does a girl metamorphosise into a whore because she grows breasts, nor is she filthy because she bleeds.

Men, unless you were raised in a bubble, you have been aggressively trained to see women as subordinate and

many of you have mistaken this for good advice. This is not biological, it is conditioned—you couldn't have been born more different. You must not believe the bullshit about yourself.

A bloke doesn't prove his manhood simply by being 'stronger' than women and children; he demonstrates his masculinity and earns his place, by being stronger than whatever threatens them. Such is the gendered order of intelligent social animals.

* * *

A WOMAN'S WORK IS NEVER DONE

While failing to properly finance essential service people (including primary care of children) *does* help to make individual units within this system extremely rich, it helped make you poor, never forget that...and you will never be rich (one percent margin for error).

The systemic lack of funding children may account for the lack of quality in some of the produce.

Nil is the share made available for children by the market place which lures them away from family, with the promise of release from deprivation. Zero is the precise numerical measurement of the cost repatriation afforded to the entire global work force, for their vital role in producing all the humans/workers.

Conversely, if the sole parent of one school age child was brought into the paid care sector, at minimum wage she would be earning close to a hundred K a year. If all caregivers were brought into the paid sector, we would witness a vast redistribution of wealth and power, given that the funds would most pragmatically be gleaned from the coffers of surplus billionaires. Fortunately for surplus billionaires, all that extra money they hoard helps to fund and pervert our mass media communication pathways. Business goes on as usual.

Though caregiving for children is a constant, and utmost critical element of our economy, economists 'don't know how' to quantify the work involved. And so all of it goes uncounted. In effect, this simply means that mums and other primary child carers, *and kids*, are not entitled to a meal and a bed at the end of a days work—and on mass it equates to zero political leverage.

We justify these arbitrary equations on the rationality that work traditionally done by women and children, no matter how arduous or laborious, doesn't need to be counted as real work—*because* it's women and children's work. The value system displayed in this justification sheds a little light on the nature of enduring patriarchy, barely disguised by our modern corporatocracy.

*Mothers can't strike, kids can't vote (would it make a difference if they could?),
Good men can't detect their hardship over all the background noise.*

Our inability to avoid thinking in dichotomies when we hear the word 'patriarchy' just goes to show how little we understand that the willful oppression and systematic neglect of women and children deeply injures men. We'd probably be better off dumping the P word, and see it for what it is—a symbol of an organised racket. The scam is highly efficient if you happen to have membership to exclusive golf clubs all over the

world—and highly *inefficient*, a matter of grave concern, if you are any other living creature on the planet; including all other categories of human. This categorising ourselves is what keeps us from realising we are all one in the same. The worker function is to produce profits. The female function is to produce workers. The systematic function is to keep her poor while she does this, so that children may be easily lured away, as soon as women have raised them to a sufficient level of capability to submit to work. Just old enough that society can get all sentimental about the way it protects childhood from exploitation, not like in those Dickens days.

* * *

Should children be raised with the full benefits of a middle class standard education; engaged on matters on sociology, to recognise their own civil duties and rights, and the potential of humans to move towards liberty; we might be in a constant flux of meaningful cultural revolutions—keeping hierarchies transparent and balanced. Should we keep primary caregivers of children unpaid, ensuring that these *domestic servants* remain simultaneously the *sole financiers* of children—and have ourselves a depression every now and then—the threat to oppressive systems posed by middle class children is somewhat less salient.

One accumulative side effect of all this systemic childhood poverty is billions of people who start off and end up with little to no Resource Holding Potential (RHP). It's ludicrous to think that this chronic lack of RHP and the learned helplessness it fosters in people is not a major influential factor in our global pandemic of depression. We've tortured enough monkeys to understand the connection. It's also a bit nuts to assume that all the financial segregation and modular isolation isn't impacting on parental happiness levels, who are social animals, evolved to raise children collectively. Still, this pandemic of depression is resulting in continually expanding profit/territory margins for big pharmaceutical companies—resulting in even more of the same old business as usual, which is what made us miserable in the first place.

As it turns out, generous and compassionate consideration towards the needs of women is not a feminist proclivity, but a matter of reciprocal altruism. Mean indifference is a matter of foolish self-destruction.

* * *

Producing the profitable human units of the market place—parenting children—is a massive job. I'd tell you about cooking and cleaning and shit wiping and driving and wrangling and oh so much more, but I wouldn't want to bore you. It's not that the work is particularly hard, it's just that it's never ending—until suddenly you're old, and they're gone. A woman can induce a man to help with the task of child-raising, but only if they deem each other worthy, which all too often is not the case. Women take care of the domestic surplus.

Your mum sent you to school, so that she could have time to carry out the manual and sexual labour implied in the deals she made to keep you alive. School did its best, but with the focus on preparing you for work, it functioned as an indoctrination system. There was not a lot of time available for your parents to think hard, and intervene.

Mum can service ten cocks and be back in time to make breakfast, she can make ten thousand coffees and send a breakfast text, or she can have a career and drop the kids off to childcare with a breakfast bar.* Child care is expensive. Parents are paying people within the system for care-taking young humans, which is odd, for no part of the system has taken it upon itself to pay parents for the same job in its traditional environment and relentless natural capacity. Cash flow is not reciprocated. Money is turf and custodians of

children get very little of it to stand on, and this is not accidental.

*The breakfast bar is organic, contains high trace levels of arsenic, and is made out of wood pulp.

* * *

Most men, despite the propaganda, are not gregarious victors at the receiving end of frivolous fortunes carved out of time honoured male privilege. They are poor, work long hours and have virtually no resource holding potential at all. Just because a significant number of the world's wealthiest humans happen to be white men, don't let this skew the statistics for you. Nor when more women and people of other ethnicities join the Forbes list, should we take it as a sign that wealth is being more equally distributed amongst different peoples.

Men come out of all sorts of situations. Whatever injustice that is suffered upon women, is passed on directly and indirectly to children, including male children. Social injustices against women are of course passed on to the intimate partners of women—whose job in the natural order to protect the hearth is made more strenuous by whatever preys on the inhabitants.

Whether his father beats his mum, or his mum beats him, or his parents are always at work and the bills are too much; boys don't get off scot-free, simply on account of having a Y chromosome. The myth that being born a white male is enough to catapult a fellow into outrageous privilege can be damaging, especially to those who are born with nothing, and will die with just as much.

While it may certainly be true that having white skin and male genitalia may present advantages to getting feet through particular doors—if he is not also tall, pleasant to look at, both slim and broad, deep voice with a good set of teeth and a strong rump, the number of doors open to him diminish. If he is unable to present with an education, fresh, clean cut clothing, decent shoes and a car, he will have less opportunities still. If his father was a dirt poor alcoholic and he has responded to this by becoming a teenage fuckhead, and now he's out on parole; the scope of his privilege is even less impressive.

Blanket comparisons between genders can be messy. While a male's chances of being raped may be less likely than a woman's—this doesn't reduce the psychological trauma for those who have been. While a single male's earning potential may be drastically higher than whatever a single mother can scrape together in order to feed kids, this in no way makes poverty any less compelling for the working class father. While the working class father has even less chance of home security than his middle class brothers, this in no way mitigates the quiet desperation felt by the 'middle' class father trying hopelessly to defend his families modest shelter under the barrage of impossible mortgage repayments.

None of this gets the black father out of prison.

While avoiding family commitment may seem like the best option for the financial self-preservation of men, what the single man gains in financial privileges, the lonely old man loses in grandkids.

If we want to talk productively, obscene privilege can't and shouldn't be defined by gender and other marginal classifications alone. Privilege can more reliably (though not definitively) be assessed by comparing bank balances across demographics. Money has become a numerical representation of the magnitude of privilege a

person or entity is rewarded for existing. The difference between the privileges of ordinary men and ordinary women pale in comparison to the difference in privileges between ordinary *people*, and the privileges taken by the financially elite. The difference between working class and middle class is equally unobtrusive by comparison. This is not to say the smaller inequalities don't count. It is to question where they come from.

One easy comparison that can be made between the sexes, is that women are still doing most the unpaid domestic work. This generous proclivity eats away at women's time available for paid work—This is the wage gap we don't talk about.

* * *

A hetero normative man can go to the messy effort of inducing a woman to love him, by developing his own desirable qualities; he can trick her; or he can simply jump in the car and go buy one. This is the more softcore version of demoralising a man—by making wholly impractical to him the first option, and readily available, multitudinous options for the latter two. Demoralisation is realised when he is unable to function in an adult sexual relationship with a person he loves, or can't love, partly because his idea of masculinity has been mass cultivated around the two dimensional image of what abuse looks like, embedded in the robust ethics of disposer consumerism. That's assuming he even has the skills to 'pick up' in the first place. If he's a porn addict, the odds against him are stacked even higher.

Without the skills or resources to keep a family happy, they often break into little bits. Demoralisation for a man comes into full fruition as he loses custody of children, picking up a bill for the lonely privilege. That'll keep him working. Or as he does not even desire to protect his children—he remains in a state of paralysis, of perpetual adolescence. His children become easy pickings for the market place. Don't expect economic intervention.

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Given the external drain on their time and finances, most parents have little extra to offer their spawn, besides the greatest gift of love and survival. Outside their individual boxes, mass media provides the clearest and most outspoken cultural reference points for kids to draw a group identity from. It is important that the hatchling workers are easy to manipulate—indeed they have spent a life time being groomed by the screen. So long as they are hungry in the home, they'll take the bait. Herding young adults off to market is an easy ruse. Sabotage those who resist, and you've got yourself a working colony.

Society creates the ways in which mums and dads are forced to be absent from protecting children. Children are vulnerable. In the best case scenario, a family dissonance is created in the relentless slug of the 9-5, (the 7-9) the harried dash for the keys, the frantic packing of lunch boxes, the race to the car...and children are lost in the rush.

While parents are ultimately distracted, a child's spirit is wanting purpose and belonging. A gap is created in the mirror of absent family, and it is easily filled up with propaganda.

All around you—overt and covert—advertising laid eggs in your growing brain and when you were old

enough, you set out just like it instructed:

Get a job and buy things.

Like your school told you,
get a job and buy things.

Like your mother told you,
get a job and buy things.

Like the screen told you,
want things, want things, want things;

And so off you went and walked straight into the labour camp.

For most men, getting money actually means labouring away making some anonymous person rich and it is the rich man's imperative to keep him dumb while he does this.

If we know a little bit about a lot, we can put what we know together and see patterns forming. We can project these patterns into the future to make estimations of wherever we might be heading. We can also identify key links where we can intercept our patterns to have the greatest impact, and we can decide on what sort of impact we want to make. In fact, humans *have* decided (and it's almost unanimous) that humans want peace, health, happiness, forests, animals, kisses, cuddles, sex, friends, homes, warmth, food and fresh water; to name the most obvious. If these are things we cherish, then we need to be smart about our business. Being smart about our business—preserving the things we cherish—clearly necessitates curtailing our habit of working overtime to feed the morbidly rich. Working modestly instead to feed ourselves, children, the meek and encumbered, taking care of our surroundings, and enjoying whatever time is left over—it may sound fantastic to most of us, but it's a terrifying prospect to the morbidly rich, who have come to depend on our gargantuan endowment to them, in order to feel normal.

In the interests of the morbidly rich, it's just better if we don't think or talk about any of this big stuff, and especially not together, lest we realise our commonalities. Therefore it is important to keep the ordinary man *out* of meaningful discussions on the nature and social outcomes of women and childrens' systemic poverty, lest he come to understand how much ordinary men stand to benefit by ending it. There are plenty of ways to keep a man distracted. One easy gambit is to simply round up all the conveniently disenfranchised ladies and pay them to take their tops off. This only works if public nudity is prohibited and censored in the first place. Tits become an illicit substance. Get them in the basement.

* * *

BOOBY TRAP

All men are pigs? Don't fool yourself.

This thing, this entity, this creation, this weapon, *told* you you're swine and perhaps you believe it in some way—just like pretty, hungry girls believe they are fat and ugly. It's all to the same effect, which is to render the working colony weak and handicapped, without sullyng their bodies for work. Their bodies and the work are the integral unit, the only measurement of any value to the marketplace; the human brain only valuable to the market place if it is prepared and able to join the cult and do its bidding. The soul is incomprehensible to 'the system'.

"Supreme excellence consists of breaking the enemy's resistance without fighting."
- Sun Tzu, The Art of War

Historically, sexual brutality against women has functioned as an effective psychological weapon against the morale of men. Perhaps it became so much of a habit, that we forgot why we do it. None the less, modern industrialised sexual brutality against women can sabotage the spirit of today's men, as individually it distracts, isolates, disorients, confuses and humiliates a man; hijacking his base drive, so that he is weak. A young fellow can be conditioned in certain ways to understand that he is not a natural hero, but a predatory voyeur, an accomplice. And because he was born inside this barrel, he doesn't know anything else. With no other reference, he mistakes second hand cruelty for sexual fantasia—and he believes it is natural, to participate in the buying and selling of women, in keeping them under the thumb in personal relationships. Leaving his dishes for them.

Let me tell you something, with my own eyes: The depth of male beauty is heart soaringly noble. You are not fat stupid rapists, and if you are, you weren't born that way. You've been conditioned.

You must try to understand that while at least one half of the population demonstrates with our very insides, with our breasts, our time and labour, our collective soul; that you, the people are deemed precious by us, that you are worth the investment...a vicious minority propagandises that these creatures who believe you are precious are not really people, they are things—dirty, filthy, sexy, ugly, things. Lauds the smashing of insides.

Says to you:

She is fat,

She is ugly,

She is sexy,

She is worthless...

Says to you:

You are fat,

You are stupid,

You're a pig,

And this is your birthright.

What you have seen and done in this colony may shame you, but please do not torture yourself forever with this shame, for it is shame which keeps you human. You can learn from it. Perhaps you are ashamed because within your beastly heart you believe in great love. Unless your mum was broken and no one was there to catch you, you remember it—but you don't know where it came from. You know women are the Great

Providers; that breasts are the holy chalice of sacred water; that the vagina is a portal, a doorway between worlds; you *know* that. You know that your penis is not a weapon of hate but an instrument of cleansing and love. You *know it* in your primitive mind. You know you are so sweet and precious, clever and brave, funny and good.

It is your primitive mind which shames you. It says... “This cannot be, do not settle for this.”

Do not settle.

* * *

SPOON FULL OF SUGAR

The boy child did not invent ‘the system’ any more than the profiteer—they both inherited it. However, the boy child does not profit from this system. The profiteer, counting all his money, knows he is benefiting; and boy children, unable to understand otherwise, think that profiteers are glamorous and trustworthy gentlemen. What’s more is that the profiteer invents moving pictures and symbols (advertising/propaganda) to re-image himself, and then projects those images onto the children’s landscapes. They are lies. The profiteers and the children do not know each other, though the children try with their earnest hearts to become close, and shape themselves in the images projected for them. The profiteer couldn’t care less about the kids, except for what can be reaped from the labour of the incubating workers, and their parents. This demarks a gross misuse of the imbalanced power relationship between adults and children, and when the communication of this imbalance is sexualised, it may amount to childhood sexual abuse. It certainly qualifies as mass indoctrination.

Sexually curious eleven year olds do not *choose* to have their eyes raped online.

Dancing infants don’t *choose* to mimic soft porn—it’s just a part of their mass media cultural conditioning. Blaming individual parents and children adds insult to injury.

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It’s happening. Every person with home Internet access has the option—and is even encouraged with every aid and assistance—to bring the graphic reality of organised sexual brutality into the homes of men, women and children, for the purposes of ‘entertainment’. All civilians are expected to accept this creepy set-up as a natural and inevitable reality. *It’s just the vibe.*

There are whispers of internal confusion as to whether we are supposed to re-enact the pornographic violence within our own relationships, or whether we should even be watching. Those who voice this confusion—or any caution to the crack-porn industry at all—are too often condemned as poofs or purists, as if it were bad to be either. Dissenting voices are censored; the pimps voice is amplified. To parrot the pimp is not visionary, it is blind conformity.

This was not the world we imagined being born into. The boy children who grow into men, do not create

this, though they are trained to maintain it. As are women.

Let's be clear, not all sex is rape. Not all violent sexual encounters are coerced; some of us actually enjoy that sort of thing. Sex *can* and *should* be, and *often is* awesome. Yet too many men across all demographics are being encouraged by aggressive organised forces to creep-fuck—which is synonymous with sexual assault, but cannot be called sexual assault, because you can't rape what you own. The underlying premise is that women are property, to be bought and sold; or that they are 'free', as in free to take. A person who is property can have no consent to give—now or ever.

A body of video evidence too vast to walk past—points to a globalised militia of sexual abusers recruiting and training more abusers, and all men are eligible to join. All citizens are invited to the club of foot-soldiers; keeping watch; in a violent meta-game of subjugation, instructions online. Gorgeous men turn the offer down. Heroes oppose it.

We are in deeper than we know. We pretend that this is some sort fantasy. In this way we actually pretend that it's not happening. That all of the rape is imaginary and we ourselves, are not real. But we are real, and too many are trained as collaborators.

Specialised brutality against women is not a sexual fantasy, but a globalised reality. The sex entertainers amongst us facing increasing levels of cruelty and degradation are not anonymous floozies, but poster-children for the ordinary exploitation which men, women and children of all species come up against every day. We are trained in amnesia, forgetting the rape is only the first part. Accepting and forgetting the subjugation is the directive.

Make no mistake that one of the most lucrative trafficked goods on the black market, are women and children—and mostly for sexual purposes. Make no mistake that following the trail of women and children are guns, drugs, and pornographers. If you are an unquestioning consumer of porn, don't fool yourself that you haven't jacked off to it.

I beseech people to stop participating in the experiment to see if life on Earth can be turned into the living incarnate of the Marquis de Sade. It probably can. I beseech mercy for those who will inherit the future.

People must ask if this is truly the sort of world they have designed to pass on to children, if this is what they want.

For those who say this is what they want, I ask them to stop fantasising that they have been rendered into anything other than a prickly cog in this economic plantation. I ask people to stop pretending.

Freedom and dignity *for all* must surely be our cultural homing beacon or we have ceased to pose as anything but gentrified savages. Freedom must not be relegated to an abstract concept, tossed around by philosophy undergrads like some tormented teen runaway, shnivalled at by lawmakers and pornographers.

I reiterate that a woman was not born to be used. And I present the highly controversial—and what should seem self evident notion—that a man is not born to be a user.

I propose that the ownership of women by men, is not a gift to men, but a violent detractor from the

emancipation of humans, from subjugation.

A man can be a silverback, a hero to women, children and other men, and this vigilance is critically more potent to him than violating others, or simply letting them down. The fierce instinct to cherish, love and protect brings a beast unbridled mortal power; unfathomable levels of courage; and motivation. When a man is never taught the skills to lead with a brave heart, when he is conditioned to neglect his full capacity to love, he is tricked out of his heroism, robbed of his birthright and masculinity. He is a coward, not by nature, but he is systematically cowed—and this cowardice helps keeps him in line.

Perhaps one of his greatest distractions to recognising that he lives in a plantation, is all the veiled abuse going on around him, and his addiction to participating (at least vicariously and symbolically, as a benefactor and consumer) in the mass systematic battery and public shaming of women, celebrated through pornography and ejaculation.

* * *

When someone has encouraged us to do something that made them very rich and made us poor and insecure, they harbour a belief of ownership over us. So long as we do not oppose them, they are correct in their belief.

It is our imperative to understand that the man with a thousand houses and his hundred-thousand pals, are junkies. Profiteers are not going to suddenly reign themselves in (and neither would you if you were making billions). They are not going to wake up one day and simply quit their nasty habit of rolling hard money into cylinders and snorting up the masses. When snorting is no longer enough, they will put us on a spoon and shoot us up (unless we can unthink it). We need to realise that we are already squirming on the spoon. Even if *we're* addicted too. Even if the spoon makes us horny. Even if it's silver, it's a vessel. We *have* to get out of here.

This is not about good or bad people. Should we magically upturn and process every purported 'villain' and the people they prey on today; there will be more flesh units to replace them all tomorrow. The problem is in the structure. The outcome is systemic.

We are living on an economic plantation. The critical produce of the plantation is more workers. Ethos is driven by propaganda. Freedom is curtailed by imagined debt. The base aim of all the work is to cause the few hundred thousand who own it, to own more. Once there is nothing more for the slave wranglers to own; once everything is commodified and controlled by the junky overlords; once the people fully understand that they must live against their will in order to survive—subjugation is complete...

Sadism may only be beginning.

May we inoculate ourselves with this sacred knowledge; may I be so preposterous a person as to remind you...

Your penises are so precious. Your vaginas are so precious. Breasts are the symbol of a woman's love for humankind, a mammal's love for warm blooded life. It is a true love, not a rape kind of love, which breasts represent. A vagina is not a target but a brave, sacred portal. A penis is not a bullet but a curious, sacred

activator. Our little darlings, our big grown darlings—you are strong, you are beautiful, you belong. Please do not listen to the hate-training squads. You didn't ask for this. It is not in your primal nature to want this. You are not whores and owners, sluts and pigs. You are not dirty. You do not have to do this. You can say no.

We must invent something else to say yes to, and it will require all of our imagination, memory, intuition, reason, compassion, creativity and courage.

Free love is not for sale. Free love is a pairing of verbs. A call to action.

Resources

ONLINE RESOURCES

Facts & Figures

- UN Global Impact Report – Human Trafficking (PDF)
- 11 Facts About Human Trafficking
- Internet Pornography Statistics
- Global Prostitution Prices
- CASA Forum Infosheet – Statistics About Sexual Assault (PDF)
- Victorian Centre Against Sexual Assault – Fact Sheets
- Australian Institute of Criminology – Juror attitudes and biases in sexual assault cases
- Australian Institute of Criminology – Trend in sexual assault
- Attrition In Sexual Assault Cases
- Non-Reporting and Hidden Recording of Sexual Assault In Australia
- Australian Bureau of Statistics – Sole Parent Trends, 2007

Reports & Studies

- Bankrupt Children by Elizabeth Warren
- Donna M. Hughes – Articles on Trafficking, Violence, and Sexual Exploitation
- Victims of Trafficking and Violence (PDF)
- Porn Addiction Increasing as Technology Proliferates Access
- The State of Human Trafficking in California 2012 (PDF)
- The Internet and Sex Industries: Partners in Global Sexual Exploitation
- International Organization for Migration – Is Trafficking in Human Beings Demand Driven? (PDF)
- Max Waltman – "End Demand" Works, Evidence Shows (PDF)
- Human Trafficking Into and Within the United States: A Review of the Literature (PDF)
- Sex Trafficking via the Internet (PDF)
- Vanderbilt Journal – Pornography, Coercion, and Copyright Law (PDF)
- TOCTA Report 2010 – The Threat of Transnational Organised Crime
- Global Studies Review – Human Trafficking for Sexual Exploitation: Psychological and Cultural Impacts (PDF)
- Understanding and Improving Law Enforcement Responses to Human Trafficking (PDF)
- Human Trafficking – Russia (PDF)
- Study Looks at Men's Attitudes Toward Buying Sex (PDF)
- US Department of State – The Forms and Impact of Human Trafficking
- Study of Reported Rapes in Victoria 2000-2003 (PDF)

Talks

- Philip Zimbardo: The psychology of evil
- Jackson Katz – Violence & Silence
- Sunitha Krishnan: The Fight Against Sex Slavery
- Gary Wilson – The Great Porn Experiment
- Rachel Lloyd – Human Trafficking
- Alyssa Royse – Your Sexuality: Ask & Tell
- Faridoun Hemani – Human Trafficking: 21st Century Slavery
- Matt Friedman – Every 15 Seconds
- Atira Tan – Victims of Sex Trafficking

Documentaries & Videos

- Your Brain On Porn Series: Porn Addiction
- Things You Didn't Know About Porn – For Kids
- The Price of Pleasure – Pornography, Sexuality & Relationships
- Demand – The Global Sex Trade
- Whores' Glory
- Very Young Girls
- Sexy Inc. Our Children Under Influence
- Child Sex Trade USA
- Sext Up Kids
- Killing Us Softly – Advertising and the Image of Women
- Tough Guise

Short Video Clips

- Philip Zimbardo: The demise of guys?
- Human Trafficking: Right Here, Right Now
- Laci Green – My Problem With Porn
- AG Holder admits links between porn and trafficking, child porn, violence against women
- Chief of Army Message Regarding Unacceptable Behaviour
- Journey – Exhibit Turns Spotlight on Sex Trade
- Steubenville Football and Rape Culture – Modern Primate
- Rape Culture Part 2 – Society, Sports – Modern Primate
- Steve Hughes – Jobs
- George Carlin – The American Dream

Articles

- Why did Abraham Papo die?
- Google Gives \$3 Million to Fight Human Trafficking – Rebecca J. Rosen – The Atlantic
- Slavery Still Exists – The Atlantic
- Pornography's Effects on Adult and Child
- \$28-Billion-Crime: New film shows the dark connection between sex addiction and sex trafficking
- Study Looks at Men's Attitudes Toward Buying Sex (PDF)
- The Growing Demand for Prostitution – Newsweek and The Daily Beast
- The Downward Spiral to Child Pornography
- The Documented Effects of Pornography
- Porn addiction at crisis level
- The Pornography Trap
- Was I Actually Addicted to Internet Pornography? – The Atlantic
- Coming Out as a Porn Addict – The Atlantic
- Journal of Trauma Practice 2003 – Prostitution, Trafficking and Traumatic Stress
- Dixie Jordan – So Young: Oakland's 'Romeo' Pimps Lure Teen Girls

Helpful Websites

- HumanTrafficking.org – Australia
- Pornography Drives Human Trafficking (PDF)
- Victorian Centres Against Sexual Assault
- Australian Sexual Assault Crisis Line
- Rape Is Real – A Campaign to Openly and Directly Address Rape Within Our Communities

Organisations

- Polaris Project – Combating Human Trafficking and Modern-day Slavery
- Liberty Asia

- La Strada International
- CHANGE Directory (PDF)
- Enough is Enough: Protecting our Children Online
- Rape, Abuse & Incest National Network

Stuff that didn't fit into any of the other categories

- Quotes from Porn Stars
- Steubenville Anonymous
- Reuniting Father and Son (Image)
- Wendy Davis Filibuster to Block Abortion Bill
- Reefer Madness!: William Randolph Hearst Essay
- The 4 Types of People on Welfare Nobody Talks About (Article)
- All Watched Over By Machines of Loving Grace – Adam Curtis (Documentary)
- Radical Islam! (Image)
- Egypt (Image stream)

BOOKS

The following books have influenced the thinking behind this project...

Non-Fiction

- Sun Tzu – The Art of War
- Phillip Zimbardo – The Lucifer Effect
- Cordelia Fine – Delusions of Gender
- Norman Doidge M.D. – The Brain That Changes Itself
- Jonathan Ralston Sal – The Unconscious Civilization
- Jonathan Ralston Sal – On Equilibrium
- John Michael Greer – The Ecotechnic Future
- Ronald Wright – A Short History of Progress
- Michael Goodwin – Economix
- Bill McKibben – Deep Economy
- Carl Sagan and Anne Druyan – Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors
- Paulo Freire – Pedagogy of the Oppressed
- Marilyn Waring – If Women Counted
- Steven Hiatt – A Game As Old As Empire
- Margaret Atwood – Payback
- Joe Bageant – Rainbow Pie
- Michael Ignatieff – Blood and Belonging
- Peter Gelderloos – How Non-Violence Protects the State
- Joan Coxsedg – Rooted In Secrecy
- Carol J. Adam – The Pornography of Meat

Biographies

- Malalai Joya – Raising my Voice
- Sarah Forsyth – Slave Girl
- Kathryn Bolkavic with Cari Lynn – The Whistleblower
- Shelley Lubben – Truth Behind the Fantasy of Porn

Fiction

- George Orwell – 1984
- George Orwell – Animal Farm
- Ben Elton – High Society
- Barbara Kingsolver – The Poisonwood Bible
- Cecilia Holgrem – Pillars of the Sky
- Robert Anton Wilson – Church of the SubGenius

Shout outs to Kurt Vonnegut and Chuck Palahniuk.

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